



*Sachiko Tamaki*

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\*This story involves shocking, obscene descriptions, and some of them may have the impression to be inadequate in modern society. However, for the purpose to create fictional reality for humanity within this crime history inspired fiction, these are determined to be appropriate for the setting of this novel by the author.

The weapons, especially the firearms written in the whole chapters require official licenses and the permissions in order to possess them.

# *Foreword*

For this celebrated month, December, I was destined to complete this novel.

Although I researched limited major crime histories, my inspiration was actually from the patchworks of all these kinds of reality in 1800 to 1970. Consequently, the synonymous relationship between 'Offense' and 'Anger' then, what was their equal anger? If the wars are the accumulated explosions of the collective infuriation, is there anything beyond the official categorization of alliance and enemy? My writing process was the repetitive interrogations. The setting of this story is during the Cold War before 1970 that was the milestone as a result of civilization, so far. For my persistent purpose of literature with the values of entertainment and education, I created the beautiful dream of intricate conscience not for your nightmare because of my 'Happy Christmas & New Year!?' To you.

Yours sincerely,

Sachiko Tamaki

The earlier of December 2014 in Los Angeles

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# *The People In The Story*

**Mr.Howard:**30 years old. The former military air force.

**Mr.X:**He is in his late fifties, being rumored for his reputable achievements during the WWII. He has many information networks to know about the top secret.

**Mrs.X:**She is in her early forties. The assistant of Mr.X's business.

**Mr.Ridley:**The lawyer. Mathematics and financial genius.

**Mrs.Irene:**Mr.Ridley's wife.

**Mr.Grover:**He is in his late fifties. The former military commander. He is the superintendent of the capital of their country.

**Mr.Philbert:**He is in his mid forties. The chief inspector.

**Mr.Desmond:**Excellent safecracker.

**Mr.Gilbert:**The journalist.

**Mr.Sheridan:**The Rookie's brother.

**The Rookie:**Sheridan's younger brother.

**Mr.Edger:**The bomb expert.

**Mr.Y:**Genius for vote getting. The ward heeler.

**Mr.Coast:**Casual manner, he appears everywhere, and soon becomes familiar with every kind of society.

**Mr.Wyatt:**Emergency bridge builder. The former military air force.

**Mr. Melvin:** Professional athlete. He works as the freelance mechanic.

**Mr. Barton:** The former military air force. His personality makes good effect with Mr. Howard.

**Ms. Eileen:** She is in her mid forties. Party organizer. Philanthropist.

**Miss. Julia:** 20 years old, call girl.

**Mr. Terence:** A plastic surgeon.

**Mr. Trevor:** The member of the Rifle Association.

**Mr. T:** He is said to be the former spy.

**Madam Becky:** She is in her mid forties. The owner of the prostitution clubs.

**Mr. W the Reformer:** He is in his mid forties. The major supremo in the areas of his country. The fedora and the cigar, a .45 caliber handgun in a holster.

**The Social Reformer:** He is in his late fifties. The fedora, a .45 caliber handgun in a holster.

**Mr. Pop:** 18 years old. Mr. W's bodyguard. Genius for his marksmanship. Two revolvers.

**Mr. Iron Flying:** Pop's pal. Mr. W's bodyguard. His weapon is a revolver.

**Mr. Stooze:** Mr. W's bodyguard. A psychopath.

**Miss. Pop the Baby:** Mr. Pop's girlfriend.

**Miss. Pop the Baby's father:** A horse breeder.

**\*There are no introductions about the people, who are supposed to reveal climaxes of the story, as well as no descriptions of them, in this 'The People In The Story.'**





# Fob Watch 8.20 pm, GMT 6.40 pm: Winter To Spring

‘The shards of the bullets,’ those had been pricked up with the tweezers in their accurate demure by the fastidious investigators, but Grover who had just arrived there, had deemed it as a total fluke, Mr.W the Reformer continued on the phone, ‘Those had halted the air, but the breaths had never stopped, which had meant that those had met unerringly in the air, and Grover was considering these as hectoring warning shots, he gave me his saying, “Do somebodies, yours, know the thing?” Of course, I don’t know, but is it rather fairly good to be heard?’

‘Was it in your places?’ Howard asked the other end, and after flipping his temple for the pompadour to obtain the pencil, the swivel chair in his hotel room, the wheels rolled, while the receiver was between his jaw and neck, though it was not bric-a-brac, it stymied him because of his priority, for a moment to submerge into the desk.

‘No, he doesn’t divulge it to me, as long as I am not the one of his staff.’

‘Oh, I suppose.’ Howard fastened his suit case as the time for the check out was anticipated, and looked out from the window, and he saw the owner of the grocery store under the awning, which he had bought there during his stay, these hours were healthy.

The sound informed of him that Mr.W pulled the puff, he was getting the bad skew of his mood, 'Are you going to get out from there?'

'Ah, yes, by the noon.'

'Not the time.'

'Yes, it is, please.'

Mr.W mumbled to set in his naughty, charming output to cause timid quandary to the others, he did have no clear pronouncement when he was speaking about a kernel of their conversation that Howard had to visit Mr.W's office branch in their country where he had been working for a few weeks, as well as the foyer panes reflected the stuffy shoulder pads of Howard's jacket, whether he had got his weight, but his brawny physique would alter it to the hard flesh, it wouldn't take so long.

Grain asphalt never revealed the sentimental farewell, uncountable locations that humans spent, but his suitcase growled on the pebble road, realistically, it was on its duty not to break into any inconveniences until the reserved platform that was too indolent during the apathetic daytime, and the rusty whiff of his fingers, the coins were slipped into the slot, the ticket came, the train came.

The motionless atmosphere in the carriage was the silent contrast from the rattling transit, Howard took his seat and there was the newspaper, neatly aligned along with the steel of the rack.

He was brought back about a day before when he had visited Stooze's hospital ward that he had been temporally admitted during Mr.W's stay in their country, and the redolence of the ink had been there, perhaps not having been yet unfolded on the bedside table, but he had put it



aside, instead, a bunch of lilies from the pharmacy bag, the downy nappies together in it, for the twenty five years old boy, who was of Mr.W as his employee, in other words, his bodyguard.

‘Are there any sweets with you?’ As soon as Howard had turned the knob, Stooge had asked him.

Mr.W had ever once told him, ‘The condition of your state is absolutely for Stooge, you know that he, my jumbo shouldn’t find out psychiatry, and everything gets together of your land, it is utterly the accommodated hospitality of general medicine.’ Yes, of course, but his ward had been, actually the confined corner of the precinct.

Stooge had been firstly diagnosed after his primary composition as he had written, ‘There are no any other horrible creatures than humans as we easily kill others who are of their ilk, they never become effective apparitions to lead the fear of the murderers. In my infancy, my family had called them enemy, but as the war had ended, we love each other as if nothing has ever happened. “What was that?” I had the discussion about it with my friend whose father had arduously dropped the bombs onto our roofs. We ultimately concluded against the mockery of justice and moral, but the friend continuously sputtered over our lunch, thus I had to finish it like this, “They are only the dopey inferiors.”’

‘That comes from your soul, boy how can I do for you?’ According to Mr.W’s demand for Stooge to the charity institution, he had offered for his employment with the bundles of bills in his avuncular voice, but the boy’s response, ‘How can I use these?’ Consequently, his entreat had induced Mr.W’s further tears, moreover Stooge’s health at the time, had already been lethargic on the bed of mental hospital. Mr.W had taken time

for him in the courtyard, puffing the cigar, waiting for Stoooge's direct answer, 'Sir, I would like the military uniforms in its all kinds, and I will wear these for you.'

Since then, he had always been standing in front of the backdoors for the soirees gathered for Mr.W, as a bouncer, so that the guests had compromisingly selected the main entrance, since every participant had recognized about Stoooge's weapon, his blood phobia, as soon as he had injured he had become mad. If the ones were killed by him, it was no one's business, his self-defense was impossible to be disputed, and in this case, the court would inquire them, 'What brought you to the back door, bluffing your way out of the definitely inferior, gigantic child alike in his uniform without his guns?'

Stoooge had been unwrapping the candy before Howard, and he had tenaciously worried about the other two bodyguards of Mr.W, 'They are the rascal lads, I have to take care of them, I need to go out from here, say these Mr.W for me.'

'All right boy, you will be, don't worry for your best.' If Howard had been loyal to the command, the answer would have been, because that it had been invariable.

He examined the newspaper, the headline about the motionless war, yet it had ever had the steep jerks, the unstable wave of the chromatic nations, not the place, but the difference of the ways, and they had to do, until it was not called the war, again and again, then again. This paper was unofficial for the majority, but the enemies at the time were defined, he turned the page to the advertisement, he hoped for the washing machine someday to be available without the iron board for his silk shirts,



and when the train was on his destination, newly established scenery without the routine creases, welcomed him, his steps onto the suburban area just before the capital city where Mr.W's branch was located, the highways, the buildings, the hills of their scrubby green were all mutual neighbors from his distance.

The slide of BMW, the engine was gracious, 'Don't get on Grover's bray.' Whether Howard's prompt action had been such a bad for him... There was exactly the other, the sparkling lengthy limousine, the rifle of automobiles, nonetheless, the one of them compactly made more amicable yards to him.

'Is that a tug?'

'No, sir, just our accessory, sir.' As the chauffeur responded, the ring curved the corner away, and the tables in the restaurant on the ground floor was fully occupied, the waiters' customary smiles but no escort.

Howard paid effort to placate Mr.W whose stomach after tea, the layer of the pie was deftly penetrated, and the dim chandelier established the awkward clumsiness with the extant whip cream on the silver base, until it was detached to the lower floor.

'Why did you hang up my phone? It was just of your business to have the time between you and me, and we could make our time, and we do so henceforth, our procreation of our time. That was running, yet you oughtn't have moved out, it was just the thing.'

Howard's delayed discovery, albeit his reputable technique for the comfort de rigueur in any social occasion, by his straightforward brimful expression, by his mouthed articulation, slowly in dulcet, but his preference to listen to his company, all of his were making no sense for Mr.W,



his Montecristo was rattling to be among his lips, if the fedora had been worn, this would have been the epithet of the supremo for his nation, and the supremo may have wished to be got rid of his unease all the time to put on his stick like the narwhal's antenna that Howard retreated into his memory with Burton and his girls, many years ago.

Burton, who was Howard's former air force colleague for the Cold War, had had his whimsical talk about his childhood, it had exercised the magnetism for his girls in their hangout, his catalyzed skiffle about the conviction that he wouldn't have been nicked, if it had been during the blitz for the previous war, such as a bottle of soda, the screws exchangeable with the edibles, their narrow streets had been abound with the guttersnipes. However, there had been no starving of them for the disaster, in order to survive, but when it had been at the vignette of the peace, unfortunately, Burton had been confined within the sedulous fences and had lost his job as a newsboy. 'You know that, I wanted nothing, though I lost my things, the tragic liberty included, and um... a bar of chocolate, it was permitted to me only after the visit. The legal volunteer gave me a creasy bar of chocolate, and the stem of the black coming up by peeling the rustling paper, every economy included in the smell of the news-agent outside. But you know, my depressive petulance for the black tarmac, while I was inside. I promised with the warden, which I would never ever run on the asphalt for the relentless peccadillos, then I said to him as a part of jokey communication with the law enforcement society. "Can I have my briefs? These have got over the wall." I can remember the warden's downward eyebrows, frequent blinks, it was sheer inconsistent with his job, but while he was preparing for the ladder on

the wall, he got the feral beads on his face, those could be the mercy on him.'

'Was that your acquittal?'

'No search, no contact from them since then. I had ever been initially aware of the warden in my cell as I had needed the cotton bud, and he had appeared with the buds as well as the ballpoint pen, "If you are calling for me, it's all right that you can ring the fences with it." no provisos.' No provisos, Burton had nudged the cheek of one of his ladies, with his finger belonged to his distinctively aesthetic fashion, whereas everybody in place had been patience for their laughs, and eventually his talk had conjured Howard's dream of that night.

There had been the narwhal in the bathtub, the lukewarm water had filled the half of it, the animal had been having its nap with its hooked horn on the edge of the water tap, making it lean because of the unduly length. 'What's this?' She, who had been Howard's unknown partner, had answered. 'The owner of the store said to me, "As you caressed it, you have to bring it to your home." I held it, and it softly consoled its eyes, as if the uttermost languor of the one whose skin between mammalian pachyderms and reptiles, very obvious creature.'

'Was it expensive?'

'No, not at all.'

'Oh, well.'

The victory for oddity, it had defeated Burton's ever tangible effect on the ladies, as it had cut the strains of their chuckling, they had been struggling for recovering their normal rhythms.



Suddenly, Howard got his upbeat, and Mr.W also broke into catchy simplicity, 'You know, what I meant?'

'Yes, certainly.'

The supremo restored himself, and the thuds of the shopping bags that had many gifts were on his desk, the fob watch from it, exhibited the unfathomable harmony with the fury carpet in midnight blue, the luminous cadence. Mr.W expounded that these would be distributed during the upcoming party organized by Eileen whose client was Mr.W, tender, charitable female philanthropist for the orphans.

'The thing is always accurate with the watch.' The hands of the device had already been rehearsed, as if the two narwhals within the circle, these would someday dismiss the rims, and Howard contemplated for his friends, who had reacted correctly on his haunting nightmare, it had depended on either way to grapple with the eternal puzzle to be frayed, or chuckling away, whether the immersing plunge, his juvenile friends had learnt it under the shelters for the bombs.

In his teens, Burton had been with Gilbert for the printing factory, the three, including Howard had been the reciprocal mates, and they had been carrying the bundles of newspapers to be ready before the deliveries as the part of the newsboys' works.

Although the cumbersome machine had disturbed the important people in their fedoras from abroad, to be noticed by the boys, they had been introduced to them, the one of whom had been exactly Mr.W in his youth blessed by the Social Reformer's privilege, in order to know the working conditions of the child labors, and there had been the subsequent, elegant appeal about him by the Social Reformer, 'Mr.W is like my son who is

genuinely the pure gambler. For him, the betting is as the cheese for Claret of his life.' The ricocheting praise from the kids, sincerely beyond every thing, who had been searching for their panaceas of their lives, but Burton had gazed at the brown leather holsters covering the heads that had been firmly attached to the fine trousers, 'Those may have had the middle calibers.'

There had been the time when the factory had borne its concrete floor, sullen grey, all of those had already been distributed to the houses, the children had encircled their suppers with the two attaches, eggs and the boiled chicken, a blanket of lettuce, the sandwiches had had the mayonnaise for the special evening, but only the tough guys who had still maintained not for their beds had been taken to the casino where the sparkling jazzy swinging neons, then the husky sopranos had been improvised with the fizzy drinks on their trays, 'You, darlings, get good cards and lovely faros, tonight.' The Social Reformer had taken out the thick bundle from his wallet and had rolled it with his one hand to insert it into the cylinder cup next to the pints. 'Ten for the ace to win, ten for the two for defeat, five for the ten to win, jack got it, thus a score for his triumph.' His original chant had resulted in the checks for all the cards, and regardless of his occasional stumble for the calling turn, he had kept specifically the equal amount on his side, as if only the sun in the next morning had been able to stop it.

When the waitresses had approached them, their silver tight, sleeveless dresses that had been effulgent in variant colors with the corpulent black belts, the lavender faint fragrance, they had carried the tumblers of strawberry milk, the guys had found that their perfumes had been put on their neck ribbons arranged differently among the ladies.



‘If you expect the rewards of notes like torrents of rain, it is indeed, not for the faro, and you can’t deceive the banker, or you get Pharaoh’s anger. Reasonable it is, my boys, but you are incorrigibly seduced by it. Do you suppose that the all cards are equal weight to win? It is the law of the trio for the calling turn, the waltz is gyrating, and we can learn that the jack is the rich winner and when he wins, the ace frequently wins as well.’

‘Does the quartet change their weight?’ One guy from the bookmaking factory had questioned to the Social Reformer, and the three bills from the slice of the superior’s case, which had formed the shape of the red admiral with his right middle finger to be the core of it, ‘These are of the different countries, and each of them has their authority on their right hand side, the left, then in the middle. Albeit they have achieved space, can they change the number of the planets?’

Since then, the boys had made of their soul, but realistically, they had hardly obtained the cards, thus the invention, which had been christened as the panel game, the art of neoplasm alike, the pigments of the squares had moulded the grid board, such as, red-blue-red, in this form, either horizontal or vertical, it had become red-red-red, by the hands of the bookmaking factory boy, Ridley, in his confident manner, had instructed his playfellows, ‘It is the tints of our thought.’ If he hadn’t been persuaded, and nobody had been able to answer, there had been the practice to be enlightened by themselves. When the ashtrays had unaccepted their tiny butts, it had been the time for the call, ‘Three howls!’ The participants had prepared for his Bingo! Or Checkmate!

After the bottle mob, Burton had had to give up his newspaper job whereas Gilbert had romped to be the journalist. However, one day in the



afternoon, the man in his dark suit had visited Barton, and given him the envelope from the Social Reformer, which had had the pudgy documents, and the guy had taken him to the office of the betting shop, in order to master the investment of the casinos. On his return, it had been nearly the sunset, the envelope had been doubled, and he had walked through the city that had been gradually retrieved, as the people had also been on their way to home along the street with the bootblacks, regularity of their lives, the windows of the buildings had had the power to absorb refulgent coral, he had rung Howard's doorbell.

After all, Barton and Howard in their tailor made, had hustled around the streets in the evening for their gamblers' houses that had had the lubricated slot machines sat by the shoe boys during their after hours, and the waitresses' towering hairs, corollary to the towering chips, the cocktail blue moon with Ridley's blue eyes, who had already hung out his own shingle as the solicitor, especially for the landowners and the labor unions, he had done and done, exactly the Social Reformer had ever tutored them on the day of their strawberry milk, having been based on his research for the probability and the statistics to establish the lemma.

Correspondingly, Mr.W was expository on the theorem of success, why two after one?

'I see you, Howard within the nearest possible day.' The restaurant on the ground floor was in their preparation for the dinner.

The pepper pot sizzled over a glass of vermouth, the dishes of salami were mottled with lithely lard, and olives, the pristine white tablecloths, Gilbert picked the swizzle stick, and glanced the hall, Howard was the appointed administrator at the party.

He hadn't been with Howard in the Cold War as Gilbert had belonged to the noncombatant medical corps, and this knowledge was surely effective after his retirement from the war, as the promoted column editor for the newspaper, including the articles about international security affairs. Gilbert settled himself on a part of the two-seater with Terence whose dexterous hands were eminent for his plastic surgery for any purpose, on the sofas, crossing the feet and supporting the jaws by their palms, the elbows were balanced on their knees, they discussed in their equal postures but looking their eyes each other, neither relishing the talk nor for their wrangle within the experts in the same field, yet Terence had been as the combatant. Whether any contention of them, no, because this was Gilbert's typical uncongenial attitude, who was the demi-sec, why he had ever been able to write the exclusives on the verge of the Official Secret Act.

He left the dapper surgeon in his casual, husky conspicuousness, dazzling tiepin in the shape of a quadruped, humor and formality, contrasting with Wyatt, who had battled for the air force, his prevalent deportment, so that Gilbert got the chance to see him with his two old friends, Barton and Melvin. They were having exciting chat about Melvin's last football play as the professional goalkeeper, and Burton brilliantly mimicked the jockeyship, 'Real perfect protector, he's again rocketed off, five to nil, he clutched their score zero!' However, Melvin shyly shrugged to



humiliate that he had ever missed once, and it had been the inexplicable euphoria, against the law of the diagonal trajectory determined, when the opponent player had kicked his slide against the player of his own team just before his shoot into the goal, and the ball had made delicate escape into the other side from Melvin. 'I am going to work for my second job.' The freelance mechanic sighed as if he was bored, but seemingly, he was delighted since the champagne was for his taste.

As soon as Howard finished his commencement during their appetizers, he quickly shook his hand with Ridley's wife Irene, who had abandoned the reputable cabaret girl, having been dropped from the top university, as the independent lawyer's wife, and Howard distributed the gifts from the supremo to the guests.

Just as the fob watches were held by them, Stooge's roaring from the outside echoed through the hall, Gilbert, and Terence who had been with Julia, twenty one years old, the premier call girl of Madam Becky's brothel, grabbed the styptic as the paramedics.

Coast appeared in his impish, but uncluttered handsome face, wiping his off the peg that inconsistently possessed the quality of fabric to fit the owner on its own, he berated for his hubris what had happened to him in front of the door, which he had been duped by the entrance, and whatever he had inquired, the bouncer had been still, his sense of risk against the hulking barrier, thus his attempt by his tender slap on Stooge's cheek, to be reacted... unfortunately, it had made a shallow scratch on his skin.

Coast skated his smooth gait to Howard, and whispered that he was the relative of Mr.X's squad member, it was the intersection Howard had

already accompanied. The Social Reformer was the trade partner of Mr.X, including firearms, moreover they had shared the same era, then he asked whether Coast preferred to have the gift, 'No.'

During the frenzy, there had been the paradigm shifts in the soiree, Julia had immediately evacuated to Trevor in his horrible look, but maniacally saucy, and Mr.T had gained the opportunity with Mr.Y, who had been rumored to have ever been inflicted the menace of assassination, the immigrant to their country as a dockworker, his ability had been finally encapsulated in his excellence as the agent provocateur, his lingering briny aroma since his days on the jetty, had contained the treasure of information from the globalized sea, therefore this VIP had been curious enough for Mr.T, who had managed to glimpse his bare face behind the sunglasses and the bowler hat, Mr.T had drawled, 'Excuse, me.'

As well as the concealed event that the croak boy had been hunting for Mr.Y's jacket, and the crumpled business card inside, he had worried about his discovery with his downward eyebrows.

By the way, the worrier carried another task for the pudding as the main dish finished, and he returned to the reception. Howard made his instruction about the piece of paper in the gift box.

$$(h + x, m - 10x) = \{(h+x), (m/1x)\} \quad X = \text{Month}'$$

'That is the eloquent simplicity, our mathematic genius cooked up for us. Your fob watch is according to this formula on Greenwich Mean Time. You can have the idea when you ought to adjust it wherever you are.'

Mr.T perceived Mr.Y's comical adage to amend the speaker that he was rather the financial intellect, but he himself seemed not to be interested in the detail, and Coast who was without the watch, was presuma-



bly for his habitual prudence on the third rank information, having leant from his mentor, which was frequently used as the camouflage for the top secret, anyway the combination was verily a contrivance between this occasion and the substantiality of time to undertake, indeed, this was his speculative factor until Trevor whose tie was felicitously fixed by Julia, tensed his fundamentally the fortissimo, before the microphone, as the representative of the Rifle Association, and announced to invite Howard, Gilbert, Barton, Wyatt, Melvin, and Coast to the vestibule, 'Thank you for all, whenever you require me, get me please drinks, and I will be for you. Every license is easy to be yours, as Employment Pursuant To The Article is my Enjoyment Pursuant.' Even when they entered the confined space, storming laugh outside hadn't yet been diminished except Julia who changed her position to Mr.T, as well as Terence who was kept on a leash by Ridley and Irene's conventional affinity, couldn't unleash his irritation against Julia, and the other audience was dissolved into their jiggling belly as if this was because of the unveiled Walther handguns to the members, 'These are precisely, the gift guns, you know, what I mean? The thing is, don't make holes unnecessarily on it, I was ordered to tell you, no shootings, but you shall be a bit showy.'

As soon as Trevor came back to the banquet that was going to be the anticlimax for him, he found that Mr.T and Julia was not there, and of course, he raged, but Stooze was overwhelmed to hear the one's berserk, then he opened the entrance to the hall without knowing of his target who rushed out, consequently they made a collision. His cheek was, once again galvanized into the residue. The cloak boy called the police for the vehement paroxysm that was happening, but nobody was there within a



few minutes, the boy was left alone, 'Negligible' the official record was stamped.

As for lives on the versatile spheres, when the snow fell, Mr.T and Julia got down from the cab. He caught the wafting feathery ice from the pale sky, 'Quiet weather.'

In their woody hotel room, Julia was rustling his suede jacket with the towel for thrusting the droplets. 'Scent of buffaloes, as if they are with us.' Julia stopped her hands, 'There is something wispy... from the pocket, this sleeve to the collar?'

'The buffaloes got the horns.'

'Oh, I see.'

Mr.T slanted the glass of Collins, and the remnant of drink formed its lid with the bubbly circumference, nearly in the bottom, 'Parabola, and hyperbole, are these same as your state?'

'This is circle.' She untied her dressing gown.

Crispy sharp clack, for a second, the air suspended, the extortion required no words, the display of magazine catches, as if everything was ready for all on the airplane, and the hammers were put down by the thumbs of the five security guards, who changed the destiny of the wings, in their obedience for the tempo, as if oxygen above the ground was at one breath for the five veins.

The twenty medical passengers whose ice boxes with the blood bags, withdrew these, giving up their duty to transport them, except Gilbert in his white gown, who started collecting the blood samples, perfunctory, scrupulously, when he completed the half of them, the droppers and the minutiae tubes, the numerical labels were irregularly flustered as the random allocations of the specimens, unexpectedly, some of the containers were empty, regardless, the others had the two or three in one box, but the process was progressed to the second stage by the female security guard who had supervised from her seat until then, her straightforward advance to the cockpit, middle aged, her ordered shrewd profile was reserved with her glasses.

The bundles from her brief case, the pilots promptly accepted these as their emergency conduct and vacated for her, their hands firmly attached to their heads, and after confirming the satisfactory status from the board, she gripped the joystick, the swerving dynamism of aviation only for a moment, the clouds were the disciplined onlookers until the altitude was reduced to the point, and if the verbal exchange was used during the conduct, it was only the final task via one of the pilots to the first paratroop for their preparation, Howard, Gilbert, Coast, their parachutes floated in the sky, being discharged to the bawdy, accommodated gravita-



tional force onto where Grover's squad had been waiting for their landings.

On the other hand, the rest of the three exhibited quite a good dogging, though the severe duty to go through the temperature far below zero, and the neighboring main land was flamed in amber, which was at the peak of the natives' raid, but the security warning issued for the petroleum oil pipe bombing within the limited area was taken advantage to slacken the rigid precaution on them.

Hefty flight jackets were utterly out of their reckoned courtesy, the fur was counterproductive as the frozen moisture on it that perturbed Wyatt's jaw, and Melvin kneaded his fingers for his dire faith, thus when Barton discovered the four door saloon among the woods, through the binocular from his knapsack, they hurried for it.

Despite the extreme isolation, the car maintained the feline bonnet without being covered by the snow, the engine could have been still warm, and the three opened the boot that the cardboard boxes occupied the narrow space, these had been informed of them as the bootleg products for the youth hoodlums under Mr.W.

Ticking of their fob watches against this abnormal weather that had changed the ocean into ice, whether it was because of their pester power, or beginning of the dinosaurs' fate, as they were not required to deal with the trunk, Melvin sat on the driver's seat.

'That's done it.' Burton indicated the smeared hand glove in it, which had been left by somebody, 'We shouldn't do for it, only just we haven't ever touched anything in it, and let's survive thirty one miles across the frozen sea, we need a hundred kilometer per hour.'

‘That’s speed works well on the field that can’t afford to react.’ Wyatt got on the car next to Melvin, his hand prepared for the emergency brake, and another was on the door handle for any contingency. They were on the leather beige upholstery, the wild cat would gush for her prey to the neighboring continent that had the acceptable distant from where was teemed with the explosive smoke and fire, ironically the violent festival was their semaphore, then.

The beast arched her malleable vertebra to focus on the target, and her unstable excitement was the fidgeting Melvin’s drive for minutes, yet when he was accustomed to steer against absorbing force to veer the direction, which was almost at the same time as it was about to be disturbed, he put on a spurt at once, then the vehicle was flown away, the moon landing might have been such, regardless there was the time that everything was exhausted, the snarky engine as well as their nerve was skimpy, incredibly weak than the common assumption, and Melvin separated his foot from the pedal, after all, it spun to be braked on the rink.

Interminable thrills and the perpetuity for the action, their tenacity of life was almost effaced, but fortunately, the above was verily clear, thus they had never ever lost their sight, although the fob watch taught them the delay. No snow, but hostile insinuation of crack under the automobile, the final shoot disliked a piker for the hunting split, horizontal arrival onto the green surface, the muddy marsh caught the claws.

Indeed, the color of vigorous plants, for the salad buffets of the restaurants, was it such a dark temper? The neighbor’s conflicts were within earshot, but horrible solitude trapped them until the wellingtons squelched towards the automobile, a group of males in their black uniforms whose abbreviated alphabets on their backs, knocked the driver’s



door, a bout of comfort of their instincts, a bit of endearment, the engine was turned off, the key was taken by the rescuers, 'I am sorry.' Grover's unit was working for the area, the three handcuffs were waiting. 'We are so sleepy.'

‘Medical Airplane Hijack. His Bad Thought ? Principal Is The Journalist Of Medicine?’

The paper was on the desk of Mr.W’s office-cum-living room in his head office, it would have been too shady to read it, if there hadn’t been the desk lamp, but it was the identical to his branch of their country, his best circumstances were to be able to have a quick rest, anytime, lighting was for his epicure sense of life that he could enjoy the gastronomic aestheticism.

‘The three activists were provoked by the recent rumor about the illness that was said to be privately researched. The confidential information was distributed to the other suspects by the principal, who was the professional journalist for medicine. Biological weapon more than the nuclear bombs? Would they become heroes?’

Grover took off his spectacles, and put it into his pocket on his camel jacket. He had arrived at Mr.W’s territory just days before, for his command over the international security teams where the petroleum pipe bombing had been happening, moreover the incidents by the thugs from his area were also the work of him, who was the superintendent of the capital after his eminent carrier during the World War II, as the veteran to have settled the colony in their uttermost oil resource for the land, his peace talk as the military ambassador had ever been more for the media focus at the end of the last war.

As if it was the substitution for his pronouncement, Grover carried the water to his mouth, and Mr.W inadvertently looked at the cubes of ice floating on it. Though this guy’s pupils were always calculated, Mr.W

couldn't dislike these, and his snappy utterance as if the bebop from the old radio, his steady existence for the investigations wherever, whom-ever, such as the politicians, the big fishes of the big business, no matter, from the dawn to the next dawn, his eyes had ever impelled the confessions from whom he had been interrogating.

'You have got all of mine for only a day.' Mr.W hesitated to get down to the hub, but it was not because of his failure and compunction as his strategic variance was almost infinite, rather therefore his conundrum was what would be Grover's choice as the condition to acquit Gilbert and Howard.

'Twenty-five.'

'Twenty.'

'No, twenty five.'

Grover chuckled to shrug his shoulders as if they had the obligation to follow the official result, anyway, by this time, all the twenty blood bags had shown OO, negative, in terms of the binary description, if it had been positively contaminated, it would have been expressed O1. However, Mr.W had ever been obtained the leak from Mr.X, there had been twenty-five bags in the airplane.'I put it to you that it is not parsimonious if you are much cautious for the general safety, the people's...'

'By whom?'

'Mr.X.'

'Ah, ah, exactly?'

'You are taking out a man from me.'



‘You are no worry, she vanished, while we thought that she was the victimized security guard.’

‘That’s my comfort.’ Mr.W continued.‘I have nothing to sate you, but the mobs are often fanatically manipulated or shall I palliate them, in the case that...? And I don’t know you, of the law, to what extent do you sustain yourself, such as, hundreds of slip-ups, and embracery, I ask them, whose command are you working for? How is your head? What is your certainty?’

‘Me, I guess, and you can give me your next words.’ The commander was nonchalant, and Mr.W’s bodyguard came to the room with the dishes and the glasses.

‘Is he yours? His steps and his arms are the best for it.’ Grover indicated Dom Perignon.

‘They are the people of jazz and dance.’

Iron Flying slightly smiled to the guest and poured it for him, he modestly left their table.

‘Salty.’

‘You really like to finish with one word, but you haven’t yet felt the ephemeral stimuli of this beluga’s eggs, and this precious drinks absorbed into our palates, even into the other side of them.’

‘No, I haven’t, thus I would like, what you said, the inside of our palates. Gilbert will be out, it doesn’t take so long. And can I bring these to my office?’

‘You may be with the bottle.’

Coast's bumbag had been opened during the parachute landing or having been opened before then, 'If I had been able to be sure about it, I wouldn't have lost it.' His hunkers were to be in the shared cell with Sheridan, who was imprisoned because of his illegal possession of the gun in abroad, as well as under the suspicion that had misfired in their prove-nance to assassinate a henchman, his journey had caused the loss of possession, this was his defense without the firearm permit.

Additionally, Coast was never reproachful for his curious, coincidental resemblance to his inmate, slightly, but actually, especially their blinks of behaviors, it was the degree to be detected once in fifteen minutes. Whenever, Coast mirrored himself in the exercise room in jail, he had to denounce his calamitous childhood memory, thus it was protectively absent for his trauma, as the string of his upbringing had been once cropped after the blitz, as his father had been frequently out, and their house, the refurbished old manor, had been turned to be ashes, he had been rescued by his mother, who had dragged his feet out from the debris. He had been admitted to the general hospital for a day, and he had been to be convinced as his ward had had the bed for him, until his father had moved him to the military hospital for the administrators. He had been applied the general anesthetic and his bandaged face had been explained as the bad scab over the graze that had had to be secured for a while. However, the dross of his despondency had been when he had been made recuperation to sight where his house had ever been located, not only his residence, but also it had been schools and the row houses, the exposed emptiness every nook and cranny, or rather the adequate de-



scription on the intrinsic list, wood, concrete, clay, glass... everything had been ravaged to the fragments.

‘Have you ever been to the war?’

‘Only for a few months as the air force member, and that was my surfeit.’ Coast replied to Sheridan, who had ever informed of him just after he had fixed his adamant neck, turning to the windows, by means of his eyes that had ostentatiously gazed at him in the dining room where there should have been the uttermost freedom of speech among the prisoners as the guards were standing only on each corner, then within the days, correspondingly, Coast had noticed the intermingled wires lying on the ground in the yard as he had adjusted the position of his stool, it had metaphorically connoted as the serpents’ warning. ‘Don’t be too fiendish, and it gets us nowhere.’

They were always to sit near the cables, along with the food-stained wall because when they went there, other prisoners had already occupied the tables. ‘We are fighting to accomplish the globalization. This is the difference from the previous war for peace. Capital punishment was dwindled, and the Official Secret Act, nobody gets done for it nowadays, but apparently, the forty years in the past, so scare.’

‘Are you talking to the ordinaries?’ Coast’s inquiry.

‘No, sorry, no, but as the delinquent children, quipping about the pulps because of their yarning for the mortal wickedness, but you know, many of them can get into their detailed camaraderie between the countries, even if they are not, you can rather pamper yourself for their solicitous hospitality, in our better new days.’



‘Scribbles are really cheap. And everybody can draw it, as the networks under the ground. When they appear on the ground to act, they are frivolously called as the paintings. It’s like a ready meal that we are eating, now.’

‘Are they bought?’

‘Yes, it depends on how they recognize the motivation of the price.’

When the chief inspector visited him on behalf of their superintendent, Coast misunderstood as Mr.W’s munificent trip, since Philbert’s corpulent cephalopod lips, recessing hair, any unwieldy appreciation required for his perkiness, there was no way to speculate, except that the supremo dropped in there.

‘I need what you know.’ Philbert had claimed to Coast, before the black Ford was outside of the impervious gate, as Mr.X had negotiated for him, ‘I need not to accompany your mockery rule for any taboos in all around the world, and he belongs to me.’ This was the art of escape, beauty of simplicity and legality, Coast got all of his possessions, being ushered to the car after the fortress, by the bureaucratic members of Mr.X’s network.

‘Top Athlete’s Outlandish Escapement. Gushed On Ice. Black Business Trade?’

‘According to the official report, the trunk of his Jaguar had the five cardboard boxes with higher education texts, obscene magazines, vinyl records. The two male accomplices were supposed to be the members of the international bootleggers, but the investigators announced that there were no liaisons between the three and the proprietors, as well as with the recent hijack of the medical airplane.’

The pages were brought forward.

‘Blood Bags For Medical Research.’

‘The peculiar circumstances of the court that the witnesses on the medical airplane exposed their vague memories. The medical examinations took place, partly as a remedy for the incident, but the examiners submitted their results to the court, today, which some of them were suffering from the symptoms of Alzheimer disease.’

‘The People’s Bulletin:It is absolutely impossible to commit such crime, unless all the passengers are under their concession. We, the public are swum under the fatal quagmire aquarium, it is never solved as there is no justice of purification.’

Grover put the paper into the magazine rack, as the phone rang from Philbert to tell him that a few of the witnesses were missing with the suspicion of being kidnapped.

‘Melvin’s Aberration. Binge Drink. Picnic With Rogues’

‘However, the investigators rigidly denied the recent rumor that his boot had been for the firearms.’

‘Twenty or Twenty Five?’

‘Shit, to be blared out!’ Mr.W threw the magazine and looked at his fob watch since Melvin, Wyatt, Barton would be bailed in the afternoon by his payments for them.



Time went by, the court for Gilbert was quixotically flippant, one of the juries, who had had siestas had been sacked, and so did Gilbert, yet he was never sacked, and it could be the embracery being worked in some-way, therefore, therefore....

Perhaps, therefore like the alarm clock wailing through the court, the entrance was slammed to encourage the woman in her thirties, her creased trousers, and the unkempt hair, but not for her untidiness, with the child who may have understood nothing, but if not, he would have understood everything, and they were waving the red handkerchief, 'Damn, damn! How much is it? How much is it?'

They were barred by the security, and there was the scoop that it had been caused by the unhinged acquaintances of the hijack offenders, exactly, they had ever been the family member of Gilbert's patient for the war, but the adequate expression to summarize the event was hard to be found except 'Acquaintances', as well as 'Negligible', the official document was inscribed until the investigation lost the contact with them.

However, a lot of people didn't degrade the handkerchief, 'The Red Fabric Waving' became the mysterious trendy catch phrase. 'The red fabric waving, which the narwhal's antenna barbecued the red fabric.'

And the dynamos bet their elaborate tour de force on the event, regarding the Social Reformer during their glorious phone debate with Mr.X, the newsboys would tackle their job for him, since all the articles would be once delivered to the printing office where it was there because the Social Reformer had made enormous investment when it had been

built, hopefully this modus operandi could be ultimately the parley for the international economy, then on the next day, the milk boys ran their bicycles as usual, but the newsboys were busy, it was still cold in the air of the early morning, the coal fire burnt at every home, and the daddies had to be foremost to unfurl the newspapers that were with the fabricated articles, 'The Red Fabric Waving By Woman Philanthropist? Her Association With The Owner Of VIP Brothels.'

Eileen and Madam Becky, who were exhibiting their superb fellowship for their compassion, waded themselves into the volley of flashes from the cameras and the microphones, Eileen in her wide wool trilby to hide her face, whereas Becky was interviewed, 'Madam, are there your pimps with the medical tubes?'

'How much are the sperms whose owners can go your sumptuous places? Blood and sperm for the future children to be much happier?'

'Madam, Madam, are you in love with Mr. Edger, who was witnessed around the petroleum pipe bombing area? Do you know about him?'

At the zenith of the red fabric frenzy, for instance, the designs of T shirts, the strawberry flavored snacks, the labels on the red wine bottles, the night of the conduct was not in decadent discordance, and there was only the articulated lorry with the towed trailer that was stopped before the gate to the prison where Gilbert and Howard were detained. The driver who was baseball capped Wyatt gabbled to the guard, 'I've got a lot of waylays for today.'

'What is inside?'

'Things for their works for the time, I can't open this, as it is checked by the wardens whom I know. As I don't know you, if something happens to these, I can't say, I dealt with them at the gate. I know the wardens as I regularly come here, and we have ever got drinks in the pub.'

'What?'

'Martini and a pint of beer, I got Martini in my first time, and you do good earnings as you do this work at midnight, don't you go to the pub?'

'Yes, I go.'

'Thanks buddy, for your work to let us go through.' The portcullis was rattled. This was merely the initiative success to them, and Wyatt, who was called the bridge builder because of his creation of the routes for the projects, in fact, BMW and the limousine for Howard had been prepared by him, comprehended well about the significance of the tensed minds during the conducts, previously he had been the constructor among the postwar urbanization, thus he had easily acknowledged the ground plans with the plethora of the maps available to him. 'The people have never ever doubted on this reputable high security system, it is actually for the



prisoners after their pettiness within their sports, but the problem is that the building has only the limited one access for the transporters.'

While the three that were Iron Flying, Pop, who were of Mr.W, and Desmond were setting off, the driver was pending for their return.

Mr.W had offered this job to Desmond, his carrier as the doyen of safe-cracking had intensely allured the supremo, which after the apprenticeship under the locksmith, having ever been captured in the labor camp during the Cold War, he had made escape by himself, for his technic, especially his admirable craftsmanship to produce master keys that had been said to be almighty.

The energy room of the prison where they firstly entered, was within the separated field from the cell units, the tiny lamps in the dark, like the fledging buds that were about to germinate to their petals, Desmond encroached on the emergency distribution boards, and turned off all the switches by use of his pincer, and his bolt cutter also influenced the security system power source, as the resonant orderly chinks, included the failsafe mechanism. Equally, Wyatt had to finish his car by then, the lorry was going round to the direction for their escape, in order to avoid the distinctive move when the wardens would get themselves, and he sank into the seat to hide himself.

Desmond terminated all the switches on the fuse boards, moreover his cracking through all the barriers were not difficult for the handy torchlight on his left palm hooked from his middle finger with the ring holder, while Pop sputtered gorgeous shootings with his two silent revolvers, one handed for each in single action, as if he was able to sense everything in the gloom, as soon as the divisions were interfered by the war-

dens, next to next, for the rising shadows from their behind. Desmond thought Pop's attacks as his light infused into his device, this stage was proceeded because of his incandescent marksmanship, and they wore the officers' uniforms before the cells.

With Gilbert and Howard, the five were on the joined trailer, which was chugging down the stony road between the bushes, consequently, the lorry had picked them up, for less than twenty minutes.

‘Why were you affirmative to belong to me? As we are onerous to reconcile with the onus of proof for yours-like...having already been famous among us before it is actually happened, but you said “Yes” for me. You may have more the thing, may not you?’

When Philbert spoke to Coast, who laid his hand on his beret to have a cup of tea, and for his answer, he intentionally avoided his stare at the chief inspector to dissembled that he was only observing the old model cadillac on the street, it was quite sparse those days. ‘How do you like me, Philbert?’ Coast shown his Walther to him, which had been returned by Mr.X’s representative on the car, in accordance with the practice of purchase from the police. ‘You have been taken through it. To be the guard, and everything was made by its body on the airplane. Do you want me, again?’

‘No. No warrant on you, but when the weather is the best.’

‘Mr.W.’

‘I know him.’

‘Have you ever met him?’

‘I will.’

‘Philbert, we, too, we don’t have the warrant on you.’

‘Wow.’ He tried to titter for Coast’s joke, but erased it. ‘You are bad to say.’ The chief inspector clasped the bill for them before he left the table, a bathos of his spring coat with its obstinate sparrow tail, and all the people were ignorant about the news of the two prisoners’ escape, except Philbert who had made contact with him to meet at this café terrace, opti-



mistically, the reverberating echo from the downy rare seat in the black Ford after his release, could also be muffled by the city's ensembles.

‘The chief inspector’s military carrier during the World War II is unmapped.’



# Fob Watch 8.20 pm, GMT 6.40 pm, For Another Incident: Winter To Spring

‘Natty and ardor, no, yes, no, I am just talking of my cigar, and I guess, they are fully mustang, M.U.S.T.A.N.G. Name of aroma, hearty melting selected wild horses, even you are inferior to grow up the mustangs, I can know them, because they follow me, this is the fact, you should get out the sucking papers from your rotten sacks, that was utterly your defeat.’

Pop embarked his agitation, no sights on them, equally without exposing his drifts and he didn’t forcefully disclose his pupils in their disagreement, and I thought of their debacle to be miserably stupid, whether they would lose everything, in lieu of the smudges, alky, saliva, moisture that their fingers on, against exceptionally cocky invalid lad, yet beating rustles of their count. Didn’t stop doing that, and didn’t say, ‘Twenty-one is for whom can be able to see it, you hit two, two.’

‘No, sir, one nine, one nine, he hit one nine.’ How many times had I ever jibed for them? And how many times had I poked my nine sticks on my palms in my resentment, actually their heads were more blind than Pop’s eyes?

‘F\*c\* i\* shut off your mouth.’ Not by the words, but his companion’s buckshots blasted the splinters of the lamps in the pee tavern for their betting, ensuing black out after the continuous fluorescent tirades, but I

was there since there was no time to escape, and nearly a decade of firings from Pop, the place where I worked as a waiter, became hell of silent excitement.

Indeed, the customers on the day had been a half of them, Pop's poses, who had not already been there, but the others, when my optical nerves were about to be accustomed with the pitchy luminosity, the rest of them were all lying bodies on the floor, good morning if they could.

Pop was on the chair, swinging waft, but as for this smoke, he seemed not to feel it fey, and feebly purred, 'A cat got only the rinds of flesh fed to him, we can go.'

Before the perfect sun, it was the extravaganza of violet canyons and the ridges, but as the cold blows were not kind to us, I put the frock coat over Pop's shoulders, and my creamy mare's mane whooshed on the wind, neighing breath to be in her joy as my visit to her out of routine. 'Luscious mare as I also have.' Pop talked only once on her in front of me, he was eighteen years old, cotton button down, slim middle tall, only his hands were extremely muscular rugged miens, the blue denim was worn in a sham of heavy buckle with the holsters, his boot impelled her casual gallops, though I forwarded to where we would go, I marginally visualized the diminishing tavern, such a magnificent stalk attitude of this mountainous terrain about life and death, got rid of my imposed nostalgia.

After a few miles were passed, he suggested for my steed to quench her thirst, and I was advised that we were going to arrive at the pueblo district, their farmyard was there, but their owners had been slept by him in the tavern.



As the tarnish glassy surface ricocheted the sun, he murmured his gadfly of the daytime work. The primitive people contrasting with the brewers from the cities whom I had ever met, the natives' lives might have had their own nostrum, like Pop and me, why did they, even their diet with a sandy bread, the pebbled cereals?

Pop indicated the stables, and he cranked up her towards there, the doors were all unlatched, as if we were doing these during our dispatch abreast, but as the horses had already been slung off their hooks insides, they scampered to the forest, it was almost at the same time as the yard was surrounded by the monstrous flames as my pal gave his shot to the padlock of the juxtaposed cottages, she hurtled into one of them, the three in their sombreros were their debauchery until they were fallen by Pop. Soon after his revolver smashed the spigot to the next house, once again, and we went through it, there was the explosive sound from where we had been, totally more than five shacks were completed, and undoubtedly that Pop's posses after their jobs for the quadruples, were supporting us by the guns in their ambush against our enemies, who had launched their dynamites to make our pursuers, the maddened criminals.

We traversed until the field was altered from verdure to the acrid peril, the cries of the rifles targeted us, which these got their splenetic tempers to be the lachrymose harangues, the game among the storming long noses, yards of their possibilities, whereas Pop had to loop his gun around his fingers to eject all the junks, when I decided my farewell with my mare, our fate was determined as well, slow fall onto the craggy abyss, we were swaddled with the dully force, M.U.S.T.A.N.G, hell of my pal! Children learnt the etymological sense as they leant about gravity,

and how had I known it? Yes, it had been the yawning river, as the arroyos would have crushed our bodies.

My devastating toil to hobble, crawling up the rocks with the adolescent who was heavily weighed by his stern bones, but his pragmatic non sequitur against his conscious strings, rather than his appreciation for our still tepid bodies, 'I love it.' He pointed the dappled sunlight on the ground that was ceasing, 'You did rag on it, before the horses.'

Never mind, they were safely with our bandits, looking down us, my creamy sister was our heroine.

In his bedroom, Pop was lubricating his revolvers that kept their adroitly keen postures, the triggers were delicate to be the neatly brushed eyelids, the mantle was invigorating before him, and he fixed his bending as he felt me.

‘You can keep as yours.’ He gave me the one from his compartment. ‘We receive our earnings from the owner of the bungalow whom I will show you, and his daughter is, Miss. Pop the Baby, she is my mare as my mare, and after these, we get ride to the bank in the city.’

‘I will buy my things.’

‘Did you buy yours there?’

‘No, usually, I used to ask for my items to the ones from there.’

‘That was ...’ Pop was impossible to suppress his surging laugh, ‘That was... when I visited there, my owner saw the fire brigades, he wondered if there was the accident around the place.’ The fireplace of this room was very well, the outer shell in its instability, fidgeted with Pop exhaled. ‘Yes, if my memory was correct, after a month, the building got arson.’

‘What’s the ...’

‘Iron Flying, I was the victim of fraud on the night.’

‘Yes, you got nineteen.’

‘No voices on the cards, it’s not fare.’

I had believed my luck beyond the propensity of death since then, thus the newly added pressure of my holster refuted my internal absence only when I followed Pop to the detached bungalow from our cot-



tage, their livestock and silo may have been feeding my mare as well, but for the knobs from the different direction, we went round and the woody farm house was felicitous as the dining space for the guests, accordingly the horse breeder's custom.

Skinny, brunette long hair, her pleated colorful bohemian dress, Miss. Pop the Baby, her careful descending onto the entranceway, balancing herself for her finicky court sandals, she hurriedly kissed Pop, 'Who is he?'

The table exhibited the excellent largesse, it was like a small pub, the comparable aspect with the tavern where I had worked was only their mean capacity. The tortillas were made of spinach and plushy eggs, she brought the bowls of diced veggies and minced beefs, the full of red peppers.

The owner with mustache carried his heavy body with his compliment for the horses, 'Pop's boons are never out of their ways.' My pal was as if observing the four bottles of beer that were prepared by Miss. Pop the Baby, and she deposited these caps back onto the tops. It was definitely that after Pop got the gift replica from the cabinet, he shot four times, all the rubber bullets exactly dropped within the thin boundaries of their heads, the striation marks were on the upturned serrated perimeters since these had been produced, without killing the necks in three yards, 'You will be the good shooter as you know how to use it.' Pop taught about my revolver.

By the time as the owner draw his station wagon, we were enjoying our communication with the horses, and my mare was in the next stall to Pop's, and Miss. Pop the Baby gave her more lips to his mare to whis-

per her name, 'Hi, Baby.' In fact, she had already stopped the race, but had returned there, having defied all the odds on the fanatical tracks, her trouble free retirement was, indeed with Miss. Pop the Baby, as my pal couldn't ride by himself. Waxy essence of the chestnuts, how was it appeared? The contours under their skins would be the combustions of their astute moves, especially the stallions' chambers were, grace to be born, their diligent elegance for their own physiques, for their victories, for their procreations of the winners, and I hadn't yet been able to be introduced to the fawns.

The people increased the density out of the turnpike, and they would misunderstand us, if they spared to our car, as a group of family, this thought was my reminder that after my father had disappeared, even the manager of the tavern hadn't reported to the county, but only when my mother and the elder sister had thrown themselves to the precipice, consequently they had found nothing.

I asked the horse breeder if we could stretch to the markets, and he answered that they had the close department store whenever they went down to the city where had ever made rapid development since I had previously been to.

I was named by the teller, and the owner was with me to open my account, while she was away to the office behind the counter, the breeder advised me not to keep my identity as the tavern employee, so that I made response to her, briefly as I had learnt from him.

Meantime, they and I were sitting side by side, the air of the bank was of their stationeries and the documents, the wings of the fan that would



be twirled in the summer. As I was called to proceed, I was astonished by the splendorous digits on my book, 'What's the ...'

'Take it or leave it, but I hope if you can be the better interloper. That is all the quid pro quo you made with Pop.'

The economical orchestra played the piano and the strings on the makeshift stage along the mall, the mind of leisure informed of me about Pop's outfit, the white polka dots on the navy blue shirt that Miss.Pop the Baby had selected for him, but his bullet proof vest was usual at all, and I had also received this protective wear, spontaneously during my reminiscence in the car.

I was dealing with the floor guide, but the owner got Pop's banknote and mine with our memo pads, 'Are these all your needs?' He went with Miss.Pop the Baby and they were ushered to the corner where the business suites, and the well-dressed madams queued for their payments. The bags of goods directly from the sales assistant, there was no instant for my pleasure with the tartan stiff containers that had the golden logos, and I was in the nearest changing room to be in tuxedo, only this was said to have been from the breeder's friend.

He took further drive and parked in front of the office building, he made our notice that the biggest horse investor was there. Mr.W cuddled us, and continued to nod for the loquacious breeder about the equestrian races, 'Ah, really, So, I see' and occasional laughs. When he asked if we had finished our meal, our owner responded about the tortilla and the beer, thus the cheese cakes and the cups of tea.

'Can I work with them?'



‘Give me a time, please, until one more work of mine is got over by them.’

Sensual audacity to flirt with the perishable peril, as long as we realized that both the celestial above and vistas on the earth were equal grandiose, but we were in jeopardy, there was no strange if our bodies would be dispersed into the dusts, if the luck repelled me and Pop.

I couldn't blame my pal, but rather why were the cretins always decidedly deceitful for their bets? His skirmish in the village pub, my persistency in justice, his posses' furies, a moment of complete darkness, then the bodies on the floor.

As if there was the manual, the queer fact was that they were never for the horses that we had plundered, but they tended to follow us who had killed their company a night before. Our highballing through the bushy ravine, advancing our escape along the cliff, I stepped down with my pal onto the ledge. As soon as the thuds were sensed overhead, Pop's quick draw, his arm was perpendicularly straightened up, the bullets took off, which made holes through the nostrils of whom were hunting for our life downwardly. The red chops spread over my cheeks, my distraction for fear, if we were to ... rather... Our immediate plunge among the branches and the tendrils, the leaves of flotillas, yet surely the pace was reduced even in gradual degree, we were obtaining more tender force, landing on the chute of the trees, one of my hands caught the limb, another held Pop's wrist, my pal grasped mine, too. As the club was soon broken, but it was only that the two monkeys were declined by the swinging swings in where the children played.

Even though, our goods were not vastly loaded, the breeder brought the van to move us to Mr.W, who had the distinctive summertime villa, and we were allocated our rooms in his belvedere of it, exactly the one floor for me to live with Pop, and he was not anxious, regarding Miss.Pop the Baby whose house was not far from there.

I couldn't imagine if our new boss would be the person, who would give us the big business only, and pay the amount that we would be unnecessary to be employed forever, but nobody had ever left there, we got the phone from him as soon as our things were within the exquisite armoires.

The chauffeur took us to the shooting ground, and Mr.W had already viewed the bull's eye. 'How can Pop do? I should certify his potential, how can this boy fulfill his own ability?'

'He has ever done, sixty per minute for automatic in his one handed, and he can also do the two handed. If he is given the semi-automatic, he will do thirty in a minute. All of his are perfect, sir.' Pop aimed at the center with his revolver, and there was nothing to be away from it.

'How do you see it?'

'You are my owner, and you are looking at the bull's eye, by your wish that I hit it. My sight alignment to the objects is determined by everyone with me, who wants to be exhilarated by the moments that the bullets hit exactly all the targets.'

I was condemned to my deferred first time for his handicapped dependency, his optical functions were expelled, there were no date and time in his life without others.



‘You distinguish your adversary?’

‘Because of their stench, sir. These are their mental odors, whose purposes are to kill me, as well as for their survival. However, I have to stand for them during the betting, and I use this as if I take a sip of whisky.’ Pop had the midget bottle, as the liquid had ever eradicated the lousy effect on him. ‘I have never ever used any other cure except this. I have been fully well since I was born but my eyes, my mother taught me that this was made from the essence of seawater, Iodine... and it was also for injure, verily powerful medicine as it worked for the both, moreover if there hadn’t been the oceans, all of us wouldn’t have been there. My mother was dead before my teens, it is my old custom, sir.’

‘Do I stink?’

‘No, sir.’

‘What about you?’

‘No, sir.’ I had ever been versed many parables for children from my father after his work in his beer-swilling, he had begun plenty of... some of them had hideously reverberated on the bed, indeed, the stories for the little ones had often veiled the horrible, uncanny aspects of human beings, and those had been playfully described in simple, vivid illustrations, as if we had been solving the drills to acquire our language, which might have meant that as we had been born, we had to learn our risk earlier than the life of pleasure. My pal was in his dry parlance like the picture books, and it was diluted to resolve that it could be only a pedantic shibboleth of his habit.

‘The guns are shot by my perplexity, being startled by the sensations of the drum hits, and the fingers are flashed.’

‘Is this your bewilderment? I don’t, boy.’

‘I was confounded whenever the ones fell on the floor under my shots.’

‘Why do you kill?’

‘Quick draw. They will make their quick draws so that I make quick draw before them.’

We had lunch in the timbered bistro that represented the organic savor from nature, and after Mr.W depicted our dish to Pop, pate de foie gras, made of the poultry’s liver, pasting it to the handy sized toast breads, he asked me if I was indignant at the job as a waiter. If I could fetch for it, I would serve his guests in his office, who were profoundly worthy.

We were driven back to our place, Mr.W had hugged Pop, and I had been aware the paternal affection emerged from him to my pal, ‘The point is that you can’t see, boy, and you can do the invisible thing. How can the blind teenager do it? And can the law make your papers for it? You are my honored assurance that I can vouch for you.’

Mr.W may have taken me as a reticent, dutiful, but efficient man, because that he had estimated my integrity, I would be imposed the significant confidentiality of his visitors. The payment from our new owner caused our indulgence, it could be one of the reasons without treachery in everyone of us. However, in fact, I had no interests in the scandalous gossips, and I myself had already been the sufficient malefactor with Pop.

The armchairs in our room provided us with the devoting comfort, and I saw my bank record for the puny transactions with the department store, but it had been for my three months during the tavern.



Sucking business, Mr.W implied to us, and I experienced the huge propeller, the land was reduced to the protruded topography, our malignant cheap tournaments so far, were recollected.

One cantankerous guy, shared the helicopter with us on the middle way, for one hour flight, he continued to murmur about his damnable impediments, his return had been cordoned off after he had carried the car to the island where we had picked him up, and he introduced himself for our long destiny that would get together with us.

The land was acrid, the hotly sands evoked our starvation for the bath. The blazing outbursts, the bomb squad commander Edger who spewed in his sanguine voice, 'If the two is of the unity of the four, in other words, the two is absorbed into the four, the existence of the two makes no sense. Thus the nuclear bomb doesn't emphasize the value of the petroleum pipelines that are our gems for this project, so are the natives, their raid against them. They will show us their good behaviors, so will we.' He pitched a lump of paper to Pop and he flicked it upward without his grip, then tossed to Edger's palm whose rapturous reaction on it.

'We go now,' for the commander's call, splinting back his torso, and stood up to shoot up, the cantankerous cheered his temper for our serenity that he would drive our military mortar cycle.

'Getdonegetdonegetdone!' The explosives made by Edger were piled from the cache, no emotion for the urgency as if he bawled at elapsing time, and his platoons blew up for the grades to agitate the antagonistic force, whereas we were on the sidecar along with the prison for the allied natives with us, and my pal was hurling the grenades, exactly avoiding

the cells for our confederation, although the enemies hung down their sheets as well, to mark the flag of convenience from their sills, in order to camouflage their positions among the shouts of artillery, especially their bipods, gaseous bullets, affordable dodges were our requisite. The swarming fires inflicted, but these didn't totter to our motorcycle for my prosperous defense, nonetheless my bulky handling for the bombardment.

The adversaries were entrapped to assemble within the dug clearings, and under the recognition of the pipeline labyrinth, he led his troops to find the hole from where the resource initiated for his originally invented torpedo, the christened name as Buoy with the calibrated weight for the oil as well as the material of the bomb skin to manipulate itself to the specified niche to explode, when it would achieve there, it would detonate, in other words, through the pipelines out of our gains, by Edgar's conduct for Mr.X whose reasonable trade with the confined natives. Finally, the pit was turned the handle, much easier than the notion, and less than the viscosity of the opulent liquids.

Their jubilant applauses, approximately a hundred of the captured fled from the destroyed prison, yet I was not sure if my upper tension was also caused by these or, the fact was that my nerve was stilted, the power of authority, the government convoy of our enemy with the tanks, Edger's silent pray. The commander's creation happened, as if the sun in universe rose from their feet, the loss of the benefit for the benefit, the cavalcades were buoyed at once, perhaps, to make their inquisition, who was correct?

I saw the cantankerous becoming seriously difficult, being highlighted by the flames, he suddenly pointed his gun at Pop, and I squeezed

the trigger to him, the vehicle crashed to the wreckage, after throwing us away, we ran at high velocity without erasing the loaded thrust from the car, until we were embraced by the steep valley and the ones whom we had liberated, their sheets were spread for us, thankfully, we were the birds onto the flags.





# Fob Watch 21.13:3, GMT 17.53:3, For Farewell:Spring

‘Pleasure to say, because we need not to prove our turpitude at all, within the fair deal, no arrogant chicanery, and they have done, of course, ran their signatures on those.’ Ridley on the phone spoke from their country to Howard, who had just recovered himself from the fatigue of the imprisonment, his extended feet on the disbanded cushions and his calf was emollient, even with the golden sienna brandy glass on the table of his hotel room, his custom for discernment by his fidgeting finger along with the syllables, he was teased by his pajama, as the bathrobe was tricky chafe. ‘I know, what you say, and actually these are not for our whole lives.’

‘Yes, you can get new of you, and in this case, you are given cart blanche to choose your place.’ The lands of liens were credited until the debtors were released from their duty, by means of Ridley’s management for the owners’ assets, but of him. Ridley did these as if nothing was serious, as if these were on the determined conveyer belts, and he had been the one, who had ever prepared Mr.W’s properties in his iteration.

The beaded milky blue on the silver reticule, yet Madam's aura was not from this accessory, and everyone in place was to attend on her, rather than Eileen whose eyes were dewy in red, which were appeared to be the mental depression because of the red fabric waving. In fact, the suspicion was on her, but the overnight slogging to program their soiree that was planed in the nearest possible day, arrayed her with the opportunity to be dumb.

The crowded press, there was a sec interval for their equipment, when Becky's notebook was from her bag, hopefully the gleaming reflection in front of her face was applicable as the concealer, and she made a hint of cough. 'We are going to get our shovels to excavate our abysmal destination. However, regarding the trust of humanity and social welfare for our business, I shall comment that the blood and the sperm for money, you are making unmoral, intentional distortion on precisely, the thing that should be considered in terms of the predicament of the communicable disease by the sexual intercourse, the exchange of the blood and the fluid.'

A few days later, 'Ah!' and 'Wow!' These palavers were yelled by the bath toweled ladies, folding their knees for a moment, and stomped onto the floor, not to dance the stomps, but for being surprised by the police raids into the brothels all over the areas. Good looking male officers' mild smiles, the optimistic maidens gave their client cards to show another habitations, whatever their expectations were, the unprejudiced merits were guaranteed as long as the ladies would have no labors there then, and these showboats were all because of the Prostitution Prohibition Act that was issued.



After many houses were in their attritions, the survived owners had the meeting to establish their cartel, in order to protect each other as well as for the saving account for their payoff, to continue their business, under the promise of medical safety and their compatibility with the law, moreover there was no perfidy among them.

‘What a stingy wreath! I think of my self, but madam, this is my proof.’

‘What are you talking about nonsense, your great amount as stingy?’

‘I am not sure for your taste, but Madam...’

‘My taste is the dream of fantasy.’ While their supports were exchanged likewise, the discussion between Madam and Julia tied the mimicking engagement between Mr.T and she, as if the newlywed at their peak, the immigration stamps had the kind greetings for happiness.

Oodles of the buttermilk sauce from the gravy boats for the salmon steaks, the mint and parsley enticed the harmony of their cravings for the fruit bowls, the cornucopia on the side, which Eileen sated herself, for her sense of feast, even the reality was the civilized menageries of conspiracies. The celebration for the cartel was held with these menus on the next day, after the arrival of Julia and Mr.T.

On the podium, with the microphone that Eileen was worrying about the successful integration with the speaker, Becky, coughed a hint, ‘When the ladies in their silky dresses visit me to work together, I wish for their skins to be the same as their attires. The ladies in the skins, can know my cups of tea, as the handles are well much with their fingers, and they can rely their weighty drinks on the custom-made slender flatware art. All furniture, all genuine, indeed, the leather of the chester-



field, satiny upholsteries, the refulgence from the mahogany board are all of their own, the chinoiserie is selected depending on how the color of red and gold are used, this election has ever been the tutor of our delicacy and intricacy since the period of our ancestors, their trade with them. I tell my employees, "Everything in this room is for your bed." Think it for me, I am never joking, the animals are born only for their survival, and if our lives are formulated as from the cradle to the grave, that is all equal, why are we so greedy? It may be the memory of our history. I obtain the antiques via the auctions, we vie to possess the memories of our history. Once I saw the trajectory like the meteor in the sky, it was in fact, the bombing, when I was nearly in my twenties, then there was just my impulsive thought, how happy we were as we were living at the climax of our history, I felt much expectation.' Becky strutted back to her seat, Edger came to embrace her, with his whisper, 'Quality of our bombs?'

'Yes, I guess of your sobriquet, Mr. Chewing Gum Swaddling, you are always... quick maker, quick thrower, human factory of explosives.' She loved, especially his words of his hand-made time bombs, and her goblet of sangria was penetrated by the two third of it, through the stripe, double colored straw, a spoon of strawberry.

The law of gentility of the owners, who were the participants, even they were immersed into the alkies, their toy blocks never tumbled down, these were their perky chirping, and Edger's incorrigible amusement was that he crumpled up the napkin and flung it to Becky, in his chuckling.

**'Have you ever been to the Global Attraction Park?'**

She was the person, who only quantified her volume and read it out. Where was the sanctuary of prostitution, the ladies from all around the world, anarchy and elegance, 'Have you ever been there?'

'Do you know about it?'

'What are you talking about?' They continued to be kidding about the third rank secret, to grass the police, to impress the government authority, for.... possibly for their procrastination.

'I have just heard about it, maybe in the Eastern countries'

'I suppose that it is in the Western countries.'

'No, Middle, North, South ...'

Where was the code name, the Global Attraction Park?

'Here you are.' The relay of the list that was the global attraction park, the list of the worldwide underground prostitution networks, their illegal histories, and the contagious illnesses discovered in the brothels within five years, from Terrence to Julia, from Julia to Mr.T who was encouraged by her, 'This is your effort to your fatherland, the nibble of snippets. Come with me.' He followed her to where the Social Reformer and Mr.X were.

'This will do well.' The Social Reformer neatly indicated another, 'That duke is more for you.' Mr.X slightly slanted his neck and smiled by his full face, 'Hopefully.'

The anglophone whirling talk in his reserved crooner, Mr.X was the man who didn't mind how the listeners' level of comprehensions were, just to input what they were to be in their heads, but Mr.T sometimes made his attempt to avoid, spontaneously his own auditory concentra-

tion for the excessively theoretical protocol, it occasionally compelled him to be away from the centrifugal force.

‘The people like us may have been made by his sort.’ Julia coyly looked at Mr.T on the way to their hotel.



Ring-Ring! The two bells from the phone were counted as the one, Ring-Ring, Ring-! The two and a half, this was the Social Reformer's covenant with his machine, and he received it without preamble.

'Are you in pithy thriving?' Grover's enquiry.

'Yes, it's going to visit you within three days.'

'The crocodile skin requires our permission, if you would like to import it.'

'The list is not for the crocodile skins.'

'That's good.'

'Have you ever thought that when the alcohol was prohibited, the authority intentionally put it aside for the moonshiners to sell the watered drinks, for welfare prospect? We will make effective precaution for the people, for a kind of business, wont' we?'

'Have yours ever been in closure?'

'Yes, but the peripherals.'

'Your monopoly right depends on your attitude. Can I take you anywhere?'

'Yes. You can.'

Lucifer from heaven, the heaven in good old days, whether there had been such place ever before, as well as he had never ever been fallen from there. Grover was hard to be harsh to this daredevil.

The shares of his business became exorbitant, the prices were higher and higher, as if the infinitely pneumatic balloon, how many people could

safely evacuate from the suffocation? There were only his oases within his spacious territories, the clients were primarily the foreign tourists, the politicians, the mafias, the spies, the policemen, for their sexual desires, and more for the information exchanges, which were said to make enormous money.

For Madam, the red fabric waving was converted to be the sine qua non for her secure domination, in other words, for the Social Reformer's, 'Ours are out of the five bags.' Human was to get over the lethal plights out of their hands, with their laughs and the transformation to be their merits, more than survival.

'Welcome, darling, I am lonely for you, your shuttle taking off to the night sky, let's go to Mars of ecstasy!' Her girls to the assemblies, and the couch sofas were smothered by the buttocks, the stems of cocktail grasses to carry the remedies to the orifices, and the oscillating chorines, dally soak of rag love ballads. 'Ragtime for grassing, baby, that's the coquettish ditty, you know?'

'One of the most luxurious box seat for your aria is on my bed.'

As a rule, there was the traffic of their health certificates, after waving his document, the guy in his military uniform sat on the top blanket, his babyish behavior to be cherished, by holding the one of the pillows, then he said, 'Utility.'

'What did you say, darling?'

'I said, utility that we had experienced, for the punishment on us, as we had lost the sense of utility.'

‘And would you have taken off your uniform for me, if I had made command on you, during that time? Why had the people like you, had to wear it?’

‘Because of lack of utility for utility.’ He squeezed the control dial attached to the bed lamp, and his sun glasses were put on the side table, his naked eyes made her decision on her adequate distance from him, as she identified this partner as her colleague’s patron, correspondingly that he saw the trace of Caesarian section on her stomach. ‘Can I mention about my obstreperous mastery? I am able to reverse the time for you as if nothing has ever happened, as I did for many soldiers, who might have believed that these would be produced again, after their amputations as the stems of the plants, from where I had buried the seeds of their well-ness.’

‘No, I need not you for my stitches, because some of mine really like these, and fortunately, I have the robes to cover them. I don’t do this for my bread, and so can you, I suppose, as you are a handsome dapper.’



On Mr.T's second visit to the duke's office, he was asked, 'Are you able to drink my coffee?' While the saucer was in his hand, the newspaper article was spread over on the table.

'The Fact Of Uncertainty. From Your Soul To Your Body?'

'The symptom is supposed to be caused by the influence through the spinal cord to the brain, the nerve cells, the works of neurons, especially hypothalamus, hippocampus, olfactory are perniciously affected. The incipient condition is the mental inferiority, degradation, and so forth, thus the patients tend to misunderstand these as the psychological minor interference that intermittently occurs to everybody during their ordinary lives, moreover it takes the counter route, which is to say, the nerve sensation, not from the parts of the body to the brain, but from the brain to the body, and it has finally the empirical access to the peculiar physical complaints as if diabetics, or contagious illness via the sexual intercourse. The defects of blood serum and insulin secretion, the occasional abnormality of cardiac functions and the endocrine system are obvious that the urgent medicine has yet only relied on the similar method for hyperglycemia, hypoglycemia, or rather for the terminal status of HIV to overcome the enfeebled immune system, which was the part of our discussions. There are argumentative debates, regarding this illness among the medical practitioners, whether the psychological manifestations in the earlier stage and the latter physical ailments have actually their materialistic link, as well as if these are indeed, communicable disease or not. By G: Editor '

'Is this by Mr.Gilbert? And the bags on the airplane have got to do with it?' Mr.T dithered.

‘He is not under the circumstances that he reveals his name in public, thus I don’t know. And for your second question, yes, I suppose so.’

‘Is this admitted in law?’

‘Yes, in our country, since the power of dissemination is strong. For instance, the passerby on the day before, the neighbors, and with whom you have ever shared your tables in restaurants or pubs, no offense intended, but the reasons of their knowledge work well as the solutions, equally for the purpose of collation. Can you do my job?’

‘What is here to be on me?’

‘To carry the notes to the auctioneer.’

The certificates for the retirements were floating over the sky, as if hordes of avifauna went back to their nests, as they were simply weary for slaves of their wings or to prey, and they would sleep with their chicks, feeding them by their pensions, yet had the guards and the police, who were increasingly omnipresent those days ever considered about it, as well as the members of the hijack, who hadn't presumed the terrible havoc of society at the time, as the arrow normally drew the unswerving trajectory? The divested uniforms were also possible to be with the hovering metaphor, even the court gowns, and the slick empanment gained the distinctive status of authority, anyway, they didn't like the potential of the culmination for the red fabric waving, if it was further interrogated, the professionalism and the liability had the limitation on whomever, for whatever, this was the right of human being, the average of their life expectancy was eighty years old, it shouldn't have been lessened.

As for the members, and they didn't mind whenever, by whomever, as long as their requests were efficiently processed, they made contact with Mrs.X to create their false IDs. The women who met them were in plenty of variance, for instance, their age, the one was in her thirties appeared in the venues, but for the other, she was nearly sixty years old, but all of them mentioned themselves as Mrs.X, who were the hybrid of formality and charm that was particular of the dowagers. There was nothing of the members except the rest and resort, the gap was huge from the non undertaker, so that Ridley's office was accumulating the telephone cost, while Barton was having a nap just before the clock hands were detached for the next day, but Ridley's robust talk. 'The seven digits as millions,



the prediction of the total amount at first, and divided by the months with the jeopardy assessment, what would happen to you, that is the key point, and according to it, operating your calculation like, the differentiation, I sent my theorem written in the letter to Mr.W, then you can know more of it. It will prove how the nth theory work under the law of relative nature and our volition, whether nature follows our determined amount.'

'If you are getting ruse, it's all right to you saying, "I was drunk." He has already earned with the Prohibition, as well as me, such job is enough for once.'

'Were you drunk during the party?'

'No, I am rarely in public.'

'Was that in public, it was before your sky?'

'Because many guests were there.'

'Can you know about the cloak boy? ...I need yours to tell my private investigator.'

'Oh, that narwhal?'

'What?'

'Ah... Howard was joking. I have been thinking for long to say to you, but I don't want to give spurious tips on the matter, just their resemblance, I guess'

'After that, he had got to be the rookie that he had ever yearned for long, but he was dismissed.'

'Oh, will you say that?'

‘Yes, because of your escape.’

‘Amen! How sorry for him. Though he’s got a good cloak.’

The fancy integration between headscarves and tinted glasses, the auction lounge was taken up by each gender, their wigs slightly eerie, there was the dapper whose tiepin with his uncovered rivalry, who reacted against Mr.T, even though the freedom of the dress code, all the participants had to leave their handwritings on the reception counter to be secured with the nibs, and they poured the water into their doubles from the decanters, the solids inside, reciprocally kicked to be rattled.

‘From two thousands five hundreds.’

‘Three thousands.’

‘Three thousands and three hundreds.’

‘Four thousands.’

At the reach of a million, the solemnity climbed up, Mr.T prepared for his voice.

‘Two millions.’

‘Two point two millions.’

‘Three.’

‘Four.’

‘Four millions, anymore bids?’

Five, cracked the atmosphere to be hammered down. Mr.T’s five millions check was submitted to be the envelope, the engraved red token on it was ‘CONFIDENTIAL!’

According to Mr.X’s order, the highest bidder was peremptory in his office, with his trembling hand, where did this phenomenon come from?



Mr.T put the envelope on the desk, because the executive's were also stowed away behind the chair. 'We seem to be under the obligation to be perturbed before this dynamo. You are going to exist as the fellow of my mind, I had many soul mates during the previous war, even after my retirement, we are under genuine trust.'

'Will you retreat?'

'All for this is remunerative, and there is no reason why I won't, equivalently, there is no reason why this envelope doesn't have the immense value. If our top secret "The Civil Engineering & General Relativity" has the corporeal figure, it will be here, only this. There may be the resolution in the future, for what my home and yours can't discover, or don't discover.' The executive waved the five millions secret, which was filled with the auction participants' signatures. "Let's grapple with it." You tell them on your return, or would you like to be involved in our hurly-burly henceforth? Fu\* \*ing Shit!'

Mr.T received the copies of the document from his secretary, who was as though the one from the heavenly old daguerreotype, motherly Venus, the synonymous bond between aristocracy and totalitarianism was completely rescinded, her rigid, feathery steps, the independent grace was faithfully maintained as his deputy.

'I got this.' Mr.T indicated the paper. 'And I heard your "Fu\* \*ing Shit!" You like the premier bred rarely say "Fu\* \*ing Shit!"'

'When the owner of the wireless dies, it leaks freely, thus your country shall no attempt to reward on me for this. You will be the chateaubriand as well, thus don't go off.'

On the luxurious passenger seat, Mr.T peeped at the tarmac of where he had been for long, or it might have been merely one stage of his life. The meal box was his favor that he had ever nominated it as the best gourmet food of the land when he had taken part in the party. The flight attendance was sissy loveliness like Julia. And he was pleased with all in the sky.



# Fob Watch 21.12:5, GMT 17.02:5, For The End Of The Story:Summer

His golf wear, softy polo shirt, a beam of charity was with his spectacles, Mr.Y took flight to Mr.W's land with Stooze, this spokesman was at this time disguised himself as the philanthropic volunteer, under his placard that the mentally weakened youths could experience the foreign enchantment to broaden their minds, but it was exactly the order from Mr.W, because the people in his country had had to be awakened by their asphalts, having been covered with the red dyed sands, early in the morning, the daddies might have phoned to their children's schools. There had been the racketeering action by the street sweepers during the night, while their children had been in good night.

'Increase Of Employment! Labor's Need On The Red Street.' Their requirement in the opportunity of the political campaign, and the sands were supposed to have been colored by the fabric manufacturers.

Mr.Y as a domestic cat, got cream and fish for the circumstances, his claws were still under the paws, but he had also the blades in his mouth, anyway, on their arrival, Mr.W hugged Stooze.

Mr.Y once became naked to alter the uniform for the podium, yet the authority on the hustings was too normal to compare with the abnormal ones in his past, such as their eyes as a knife, their fangs as a shark, yet



the eighty percent of them had ever won. During Mr.Y's supportable speech, the candidate was uninterruptedly bantering with his party members, as he was evinced by the affirmative applauses to Mr.Y from the audiences, as well as their calling for him, the onlookers were all swallowed up by the feverish rally. Whether his rouser's address went with his actual regime or not, this senior politician recognized well about the limited potential of implementations during the fixed term, and the criterion of happiness among humans usually didn't have much discrepancy to be mentioned.

'Prevalent reputation about capitalism and human nature is mooted that capitalism is the uttermost pure scheme for us, the bipeds, which are consisted of the instinctive desires for their pleasure, including the means of ambitions and it has the way to survival, in other words, it is for your freedom. The risk is when the ideologies begin to emit the toxin, normally the ideologies are the odor free, do you still believe the regimes out of you, which are going off? Do you still call them as your fellows who are stinking? We have been wrecked under the state owned, imposed brotherhoods on us. What is your life? What is your capital, what are your assets of your lives? You can do it, and you have already done it, you employ, and you have already been employed by yourselves. If you are stuck for the freedom of thought for your ideologies, for your unions, I will tell you this, stumbled Hegel, when he put right his posture for the next, the thing is flashing the light of what color then? Communism? Socialism? You may laugh at me if I proclaim the seven colors of your brain, but we are too painless to be settled in the formulas, nevertheless it is eternal. It is the same for your capital, the capital of your lives.

Squeeze it in your mind that if it had happened to Humpty Dumpty, nobody wouldn't have put it right forever.'

The discrete black sedan pulled off on the flank, and the windows were heavily descended, the barrels of the machine guns made their aims at the spectators, the orgy of projectiles, the vertical figures fall onto the ground, next to next, and when the local police force gathered there, the car had already been gone, but the engine whistle as the sirens. The riot shields formed the barricades to display the gulf, the tear gas smoked over, the degenerate ragtag of the frenzied bystanders whose comrades emerged. The buckets of burning coal oil, the bottles contained the petroleum under the cotton corks, the candidate escaped from the scene surrounded by the enforced security team, including Pop and Iron Flying, then Stooze.

The red blazing giants, they were multiplying their sizes as the unaffected billows, they would consume all, thus Stooze was in his vexation, even though for a while, he maintained his own radius, Pop's bullet saved him to be damaged at the point. Iron Flying flipped the dead to realize this wah-wah, and it was of the native on the foe during the petroleum oil pipe bombing, he had ever targeted at him, it could be assumed that the body had immigrated to Mr.W's territory for their reprisal.

Iron Flying's attempt to get out this mayhem was thought to be impenetrable since the location was entirely beleaguered, Pop's revolvers and Stooze's ferocious endeavor helped him to hide themselves in the warehouse on the corner, they went up the steel stairs, there were none inside. They were swiftly on the top floor, he observed downward, albeit the fire was diminished to be the cinders, he begrudged that he hadn't closed the entrance and nearly the ten was accessing to the building... in



the case, if they were... Iron Flying examined the space, and he discovered the canteen that there was the motorway below, but the sashes were too frugal for the three males to overcome. Albeit the smoking room provided them with the superb French windows, these were the firmly sealed squares without the locks except for their shouldered offspring.

Pop turned back for Stooze's violent breaths with the huge metal container, it was thrown to be the stardust sparkled out of the lavish splinters. Nice dodging! Stooze followed their dives, the urgent brake was made by the removal van that had been passing the road, the rectangular meteor caused it, and they were unharmed for the poly-covered mattress on the vehicle. The driver got down to see what it was, but they were tenable position within the furniture, he reversed his van at once, and swerved it to avoid what he had been about to be burdened. Stooze was quiet and they didn't bleed at all.



The skyscraper under the silver rills, the urban undulation was their graphic decor, it was more valuable to be viewed from far-flung, the couple's residence on the high floor of the lofty storeys, Ridley and Irene's minutiae tumblers of Tanqueray in their somnolence.

Almost all the broadcasts, TV and the radio, were besieged by Mr.Y's arrest, 'Union Terrorism, Principal Is The Capitalism Enthusiast, Eminent Ward Heeler In Red?'

Irene finished to wash for their liquor and before the bedroom, she began her arrangement for tomorrow.

The spokesman had been admitted the rendition to their land, and he had been disturbed in custody because of the cracked security cabinets in the police office, their desks and chairs had been transformed to be the terrible ramshackle, the scattered official papers, red herring untidiness had clearly spoken about the purpose of intimidation rather than the axiomatic compilation. However, the most of their worry was who would clean up these, all of the employees were under the suspicion, 'Just let it be abandoned,' as if Desmond had been there, and actually he had been there, after his return as the auction had been closed.

The Rookie flimsily knocked hotel room, no answer, but the unlocked door welcomed his appointment with Irene whose short sleeve pale pink blouse and knee length skirt, tightly contained her upper wear, it might have been the reason why he had expressed his sheepishness with his eyebrows before the basin and shaver in his house.

'What do you like?'

He shrugged. Therefore, the concierge brought them the banana milk.

‘How much is your boss?’ Irene’s brief case had nearly a million.

‘Grover can’t be bought.’

‘How did they get about Mr.Y? His candidates have ever been all searched, whenever he took his work for them. And how could you know about him at the party?’

‘Grover kept the secret warrants for all of those.’

‘No, he didn’t.’

‘How do you know?’

Irene, once again showed the bundles to him.

‘My husband prepared this, he needs Mr.Y, and you are under Philbert, but not Grover, you have been experiencing many jobs with the labor unions, your mates are the immigrant workers, who are the natives in the area of the pipe bombings.’

‘That is the promise, isn’t it?’

‘Yes, promise between you and me, and the freedom of your ideology beyond your duty, or freedom of your action, but it is very outlaw. If their dogs have the odors, they can’t establish their faces, so that they wash them, scrupulously, but it often takes long as many dogs don’t like soap. Especially, the faces are nervous to be cleaned, but I kissed it, it has the amour fragrance, I’ve got a puppy tonight to be sucked my fingers, baby ...’ Irene seduced the Rookie by her inconsistently plain tone.

‘Missus, I can’t understand what you say.’ He received the amount.

‘I would like “Your People’s Bulletin”.’

The Rookie's eyebrows lost his worry, and he stepped down to the outside to hail the cab.



Coast's flat room under Mr.W's realm had never ever been ransacked as theirs, but it was in equal disorder, for instance, the scrapped articles and magazines, the drawer was still on the floor after having been sluiced down from the main structure, it was the parallel chaos since the Rookie had eloped with Irene's briefcase, or had he been abducted? The final witness on him lived in this country.

On the day in the earlier of this season, for his bacon, for his breakfast for tomorrow, the hunter explored the forest with his hounds that were baffled their disobedience to him, they overhauled the owner and rushed into the woods, in order to bark for the dead that had the lateral bullet wounds, if he had shot himself as this body had belonged to the Rookie, who had ever had ample associations to obtain the technical weapon as his mortal, the silent revolver, regarding his capricious history.

'There was no trace of any violent altercation, and he was supposed to have visited there by himself, or with whom under their concession.'

Coast's coffee maker snapped to be turned off, thus he stopped reading the broadsheet in their ritual accuracy, but his caffeinated dynamic brain, reacted more the curious comment of the other. 'Is The Body Of His Brother's? Life Of The Former Cadet.' If the spectators had been with the reader, they would have thought that he had been stupefied, hanging around his conscious, but Coast intentionally extricated himself to lose it, he renounced Coast himself.

The room was unblemished except the papers, including the drawer, he wore Sheridan's hairstyle and the Rookie's gait, his eyebrows tilted,

short farewell to his desk in his nervous swagger, since he planned brisk return as soon as he was intimated by the effective clue, for instance, 'Sheridan was the member of The Rifle Association.' From Trevor. His coarse voice at the other end, Julia and Terrence were said to have left him, the informer had been admitted to the emergency ward, his resuscitation had been still impossible from the fever for a month.

The streamlined silhouette had been the inexorable fascination of Ridley's convertible Aston, he had selected it for his first jaunt with his fiancée Irene. 'No, Ridley that is the arithmetic, your earnings minus mine for here, but plus how much you spent for me, and our savings.'

'You are with me by the calculation, and we won't get into nil. Is that correct?' Both had erupted for their merriment.

Neither regret nor satisfaction, after Irene had ceased to study mathematics in university, she had entered the cabaret, because of her longing for more instant efficiency of life, or there had been the divergent desire within her, despite that she used to daydream the stable condition to learn during her childhood without the disturbances by the war. The most of her unfathomed fluctuations was how she would have lived if such war had happened again, in fact, it had been the contested number of professions who had been able to sustain themselves by mathematics but guns. She might have been categorized into the post war age, and she hadn't ever been competent how she had been the apple of her parents' eyes. 'You live with the uncertain irony.' Her father's last words to her, but what had been her irony? She hadn't known even by herself, but Ridley had adored all of her, every of her uncertain irony had been differentiated by him into their amusement and knowledgeable discussions.

She had been the busiest girl in the club, thus, she hadn't ever experienced the night town, until Ridley had hurriedly got back to his car with snacks and hot drinks.

All the natural numbers had been in their steady comfort under the root, but if there would have been the time out of it...they would have had



to bear two children, but she had believed that they might have been forever with their happiness, thus they hadn't ever had theirs.

Ridley would be late in the evening, nevertheless, the doorbell was ominously keen, and she put her cardigan over her. She was briefly informed about her husband's death and necessity to be searched his private room as his legal office where his body had been discovered with Mr.Y's. 'You can meet him, but we must not yet explain to you about the incident in detail, as well as we can't ignore the documents having been possessed by him, which you can thoroughly see those.' The cardboard boxes were stacked in the police car, and she was not allowed to stay there, the door of the neighbor ajar, the mother and her children in their pajamas. 'Are there something wrong to you?'

'I need to be away our place for his accident.'

'Oh, dear... As I am usually here during his school...'

'Yes, please, thank you.'

After for an hour, she was driven to the police office where was not the nearest station.

'It just takes me back in time to this morning. He asked me why I had dropped off my degree. And I joked to him, "Isn't that the place for the different planets?" It was my improvisation...'

'We make of you and we are sorry for you because of your husband, but you are giving nothing for our question. Your husband transacted excessive amount, just before his death.'

'I don't know where it came from.'

'We, too.'

‘...’

‘Do you have any briefcase of you?’

‘I need my lawyer, right now. I wouldn’t like to speak anymore until then.’

However, the guy appeared to be Ridley’s private investigator visited the police much earlier than their contact.

Desmond was on the automobile rare seat parked outside, and the one was for the steer wheel. ‘The two holes in their bodies, and the two empties had been left there. Your husband had been shot from his back, Mr.Y from his front. This is what I garnered from their forensic. Who had been able to do this, the two adult males for a moment by each one shot? Their crucial suspect is Mr.W’s bodyguard, you know of him? He had ever performed the exclusive marksmanship with his revolvers for the riot. Anyway, they will contact you about the Rookie after the return of their chief.’

The three beard desperadoes came over the ridges on the day, as if they would be for the vital robbery, but not to meet the vital man.

‘Hello, mole blokes. Face to face protects our secrecy, as yours are in jeopardy, he’s got a tug for the suspicion of killing the attorney and the rubble rouser, as Pop is the disputed man,’ The Social Reformer’s modification of his oracle as the arranged music code to the moles, the atmospheric pitch pipe, the air was made by the men, thus they were again on their horses for their unaccustomed urban thoroughfare, only by their nods to the noble man, the magnate could predict well, how the affair would be going up and down of that ilk.

Pizzas and orange juice from the downtown delicatessen, the moles wiped their fingers with the napkins, and without any efforts to seek for Pop, they saw his back, momentum jerk of his wrist to the holster, but it was dropped with his grin.

‘Hey, you chum, it’s fuss of you, what is your belt?’ One of them strived to revert to their old days, but his shirt and denim had already belonged to the high street where they had had no attention, Pop was about to be mature, about to enter the distinguished social hierarchy in the future, as whom they had talked to. ‘What is your stick for your pivot, are you with it these days? Do you have it only one? Or have you done the two?’

‘We have ever done only the one, haven’t you?’ Pop pointed the nearest log bench, ‘These days, I spend my time there.’



The moles produced their prologue as his posses, 'You became the succulent dude, not like us, and you've never done the lawyers.' They added, 'King's bad fun.'

Pop contemplated with his mouth wriggled for minutes as his habits whenever he used his brain. 'I did them.'

'Go on, you are the king to be diffident. You've got our hoax, not the lawyers, but the lawyer.'

'Mr.Y was the henchman.'

'Hey, you...'

'Because they saw me in their place, if so, I did it.' Pop gave them a bag of bills. 'You can work with it, and I will be a fussy sniff dog, the panicky dog achieves the goal out of the panicky maze.'

**‘Hit Pop the murderer! Reward. Mourn the dead!’**

My pal was the happy fellow, as he could avoid seeing this, being conjured up all over the world, with the anachronistic doggerel, it would obliterate thousands of us, we were state of the art for ‘Now.’ How were we be not? It clearly proved, despite the drudgery for the demolition, how instantaneous we are! The sticky curtains were slashed for the pursuers to slap down the one on the ladder, who was Pop thumbtacked the outmoded posters on the walls, and they were passing through under him without knowing their reward was above of their heads, this was my monad returned to the bygone era, so graceful am I as my hope hadn’t yet been contaminated, rather than **‘Let’s experience the killing!’**

I heard the door of Pop’s room creaked and locked, on my moonlight bed, he’d got the three feet, thus he no longer needed my assistance. I was provoked the splenetic kick, I defeated my slipshod blanket, why? The participants were moaning in my ears. ‘Hey, hey, f\*c\*in shut up your chinks!’ However, mine was cancelled by them.

‘Is it impertinent to your society, if I say this as the romance of crime? You and I are always in death penalty in some sense. And, and... have you ever thought about that? Suicide. If the one fiddles the trick by himself.’

‘But, so coward.’

‘Yes, so coward, if you desire for your escape from your society as you don’t want to belong to it, anymore. And he did the bravery, the eye-drops from the grey hemisphere as he excused the pedestrian.’

On the next day, Mr.W's flabby mumble to himself with the sugar candies during the horse race, I was never harassed by it, but the Social Reformer complained about his messy blabber, and asked me if he had ever regularly had a canister of sweet cubes. 'How many does he take it for a day?'

'Not sure, sir, but he has ever chided me for the empty after two days. And he ordered me to sign the papers on behalf of him.'

'Can't he write letters?'

'He has to write the letters, thus just to write his name, because his hands need to rest.'

'Does he drink?'

'He has stopped it, sir. I stowed away all the bottles, as he couldn't remember his consumptions during his supper.'

We went back to our seat in tranquility, Mr.W gave all of his wins to us. 'That's for my Talc after the bath.' His mentor pocketed it.

'My horses get victory, again for our next.' Mr.W wheezed as the rain was up, and he took off the tarpaulin-like his blue hoody.



‘Get the horses away.’

As soon as I caught the sight of the bungalow in the horse bleeder’s yard, Pop’s shout in the darkness, someone dashed out from the back-door, I followed it, the female crawled along the hedge in the farm to their stables, and as Miss.Pop the Baby lost her move because of the dispersed potshots, I fired twice to the sky. ‘Hey, you, run, run, get the horses away as he said.’

‘I made the blackout for my Pop.’

‘I know. That’s for him. He can do.’

‘My father...’

‘Don’t say this, now, go.’ I propped her to be upright, and scuttled to the stable. My mare was there, there was no change on her, the generous eyes of the horses, even under the imminent danger, I unlatched all of them, and got on her, as well as Miss.Pop the Baby and her Baby.

We jumped over the stiles, no more violent upbraids on us, the night breeze rustled as if the oaks extended to us, we took round the distance for our interim return to the belvedere where I had urgently left at midnight as there had been the barrel roar from their house, and I had found the bleeder’s lying body on his porch.

Pop had received the phone from our previous owner on the day when he hadn't been out, because there had been the visits to the bleeder's house, and the guests had requested to meet Pop as well. He had asked him on the entrance, to wait for them with his daughter in the dining lodge.

'You are pale, Pop, I will make the honey drink for you.'

Then, there had been a shot outside, and unprecedented event since he had been born, a moment of quiver, 'Shock.' Or rather for his boots, the heels had been worn out during the life of 'Wanted.' Shrieks for the blackout, as well as the drinks had been being killed. All the quandary in the dark, but he had ever been with the dark.

'Get the horses away.'

The opponents... nearly two or three, he had sensed only the alky odors, he had tried to be sheltered himself by use of chairs or tables, but his soles had only fidgeted within his shoes, there might have been the flaw with the floor, he had buried his boots to be in bear feet, and the sympathetic intruders had done no bullets. Pop's final endeavor had been to seize the invisible edge of the table against the attack of his slippery feet, the back of his head had scorched for a moment.

Human beings in vivo, each of their life, our complexity was our pride, emotional, physical, entangled puzzle was as if perpetual mystery, but realistically, our internal reactions were less than we expected within the functional itinerary to their ends.

For the death of his besotted bodyguard, whenever Pop had got the automatics, there had been his triumphs, Mr.W gave up himself to Philbert. The chief offered a few days for him to stay his abode until the warrant was issued. How he was exasperated for his loss, after the weep throughout a day, which his face muscles were severely exercised, but eventually, these froze to be in inelastic expression, the dilated eyes, the sides of his lips were attracted to the edges as if the benevolent chap's big smile, the camera shatters to take him handcuffed, made the sparkling balloons on the magazines, newspapers, cartoons., being succeeded to the solitary black police bus, Philbert's assistant rattled the door.

The suspect, as the principal of the murders, including the horse robberies, especially during the labor union riot, by means of hiring Pop, who had committed all the actus reus. The rulers enclosed him, he was in his big smile before the prison, but in this context, the photo was merely the mentally disturbed criminal, though the publishing with this picture was all sold out. 'These are for his pension after the release.' The Social Reformer remarked.

'Can he?'

'Yes, he is like my son, the pristine sun. He can cure himself under my auspices, usually people are confined because they are not pure.'



It could be the appreciative effect of the rumormongering, as it may have influenced even on the scale of our history. The majority of people couldn't attain the fact, if the ones had been actually arrested or imprisoned, even dead or alive. By the power of curiosity or by the power of survival, whether or not, they would forget soon, but there was the potential that they just pretended to put them behind, thus it was the power less than the guns. However, there were many witnesses of the ones' lives, and in his case, they were the police officers and the wardens whom the populations usually trusted because the distrust led no benefits on them.

'How do you bet?'

'Fifty Fifty.'

Approximately, one month had flown since Mr.W had been confined in medical prison, when the mandated paper works were nearly settled for him, as I had been restrained to the office, I decided to take stroll among the dry weather, all the traffics were sedately strangers, particular equanimity of their gambols.

‘Oh, sir what’s the....’ I was derided for my illusion on my return, Mr.W on his desk, his fedora and cigar, he had been writing his missive, but...‘Hello, bloke.’ Philbert, his friendly greeting as if he was my owner.

I could have enticed the citizens as the police officer, Mr.Iron Flying, unaccustomed intimacy from the law abiding local people on the day of transportation for the inmates to the newly established institution with the foremost security system in the demarcated archipelago. I got on the minibus with the black prisoner, who was pretty dissipated, and doggedly followed me, this occupation was not so bad. He was sleeping deeply on the vehicle, thus I could observe the middle position where Mr.W sat. Although he had faltered to be skinny in his rugged cheekbones, his mental firmness was to be convalesced. When the bus was parked on the gas station, the prisoners got off with their officers, yet my detainee was still snoring, and I released my fetter shared with him to chain it to the armrest, because I had to go lavatory with his duffel to shift my role to be their mate. I hastily got back to the bus, Mr.W’s officer was enthusiastic reader covered by the news rag, my boss showed me his hand-cuff, being held by only his own hand, and I gave him the bag, it was his turn to alter.

I trammelled myself and sat next to the eager sheet, I, who was in the jailhouse jumpsuit, was able to peep at my boss sallied through among

the oil supply equipment that was self-service, he made short salute to Benz pulling off before him, and it ran away.

Sweltering night in the cell, was it the boiling floor for our meals next day? All the foods tasted like the cakes made of rubber, at least, I wanted my neighbor to have shower, it was nauseating in dismal contrast to the fresh construction materials. 'Excuse me, he went f\*c\*i\* rancid!'

One day in the morning, the spasms were blasted from the rotten cells by means of imitating the wailing wake calls, and I felt absolute necessity to escape on my third day, the chance was that our recreation hours were spent for the excursion within the fence, and in fact, the handcuffs couldn't work on me, under this benevolent condition without the search light, but the sun, instead. 'Sir, please. I saw the beautiful falcon there, I used to enjoy my birdwatching in my free, can I please go near it?' The handsome snow prince, the warden was kind, no more raid in society, sir, but where was it near the fence?

It was there, I could see the trace of the bolt cutting as I had observed it a day before, and thanks to my skeletons, for my smalls of the backs and the knuckles of my thumbs that had been scraped the amount, being covered by the silicon, the brilliant surgical implant as Mr.W's authorized bodyguard. It was the knee-jerk stimuli, the shy bones plunged, slipping off from the fetters, I was the dog in the playground after the exit that I had gone through for seconds, but I was destined to the gorge to hell.

The height of the cliff was the vanity of heaven, turbulent storming water and waves were to mince my body, the needles of rocks would assist to crack my structure, moreover the panopticon behind was impend-



ing holler. Dreary gala of my demise was going to provoke the curtain calls, then, my spout. All the stony blades, whirling tidal force, refused me towards the mild water, my soul was never lost to encourage myself, lifting up and up, eventually I bobbed up to the surface, the helicopter was visible in the sky.

‘The life is the stopwatch.’

‘That’s all right you finished.’

In my case, the switch had not yet been turned off, but the Social Reformer, being followed by Grover, their abrupt deaths were caused by each one click alike, their beats quitted their expeditions on the days. Heart failure was seemingly the predominant finale among the archetypal right wings as they were classified of the criteria that the gentleman, healthy, paternal attitude as the reformer in patriotism, indeed, it was considered as one of the peaceful kind of deaths. The post war period changed the people, they were extinct, and several of their bequests were insoluble.

After arresting Sheridan for the murder of the Rookie, which had been fratricide, although Grover had been strenuous for the investigation, and the suspicion on him for the offender’s attempt to have assassinated Mr.Y, but Sheridan had made repetitive court appeals that he had killed the Rookie for money as his life had been deprived after he had been imprisoned merely for the illicit possession of the firearm, but having been suspected as the attempted murder, which had meant that he had been the victim of the disgrace. Grover died without knowing the final court decision, and nothing had been clear since then.

Additionally, Mr.X’s death was hugely publicized on the top headlines. ‘Death Of The Tycoon, The Enigmatic Society.’

‘His carrier as the eminent military commander, kept behind the veil forever?’

‘Conspiracy: The Petroleum Bombings By Mr.X?’

‘Life Of Glory, His Pitfall By The Illness?’

‘Alzheimer, insulin addiction, the intellectual’s last in his broken nervous system...’

Were you enough? As if the thing was exploded, the orgy of buzzing? Some of them sobbed for him, but the others spit their pus, after their grimaces, I guessed... He might have been determined as the one who had emerged during this new age, was that it meant for the insidious illness? The courageous madam and the kid, had ever coined the words, ‘Red Fabric Waving’, the color of the red, the color of the blood, the pulse was tangible, but there was the sensation that was unable to be interpreted, and it would cripple every condition of our bodily circulations.



The funeral location was vacant before the congregations, approximately, a thousand of people were estimated for the obsequies, from media, the relationships of the deceased. There had been the report about Mr.W, who had been shot in the pub during the week.

Howard arrived earlier than the others, the extensive amount of flower wreaths for the supremo, he was in search for the specified arrangements with wisterias and geraniums, albeit these blooms were out of convention, they had been Mr.W's private preference, and if there would be the participants who gave them to him. He found it, but he was paused by the woman's imploring to help her car as it was ditched.

From the passenger seat, she introduced herself as a journalist, 'Are you his old friend?'

'Yes.'

'Their deaths are often very elegant. I mean, the guys in their fedoras or bowlers, on the roads, pubs, and so on. It is as though the sentimental scenes of the films.'

'There may be the people, whenever for a moment, they make themselves.'

'Would you like to see his death scoop?'

'No.'

'Can you speak about his death?'

'I don't know the person who is not here. We can't feel gravity while we are sleeping as well as we can't feel time while we are sleeping. The sound woke me up, and I astonished the cup had fallen from my hand, it

was not the experience of mine alone. The death would be like... when we think about our own existences when we hadn't yet been born. It doesn't bore you.'

'Thank you, I will write what you said.'

The woman was the simulacrum to the one in his narwhal dream. After the hijack incident, Howard had rarely gone out, but ever had encountered many books, and had frequently received the requests for interviews, nobody had re-arrested him, or rather it was impossible. He thought what he hadn't pronounced. 'Bloods, sperms, eggs for money, the infinite inflation, have there ever been, and has it ever burst out and you have suffocated or you have ever drawn in the sea of economy? No, but there may have been the eras before us, for the improvement of human quality that I would like to propound, yet had that been only for this? However, the money only, the pulp papers build us for all in all aspects, thus the barrage of bills that were pelting down onto us, the snappy thumbs and the index fingers, there were the little fingers behind, the sleight of hand for the red admirals, our authorities are each side of their wings, which? They would have been the horizontal authorities, if Ridley had made the hierarchy chart of it, which means that we don't have the vertex of the pyramid. We have ever been under the unknown boss. Who is that? Or, ourselves? We know the flowers, each of their kind is looked same, and laments for our lasts as if the butterflies' wings, albeit we are not sure if we can cerebrate our ends as the number of petals that we earned during our lives, much easier and much simpler, and these protect you.' He set his fob watch, but when he turned the dial, his hand, a second of paralysis.

‘No, Howard, it is eventually not the money.’

There were only Philbert and me in the office of the deceased, the place was where had been once flourished with the innumerable visitors, his phone had been ringing throughout the weekdays, I had served variety of bottles for them. The building had become the possession of Philbert whose physique had been morphed into the life on his wheelchair, he had hired me as his factotum, but I was adequate to be called his babysitter, as if he was returned to his infancy.

I sat on my affectionate chair as Mr.W used to do, the remnant of his lotion around its nape of neck, and I was to see how Mr.W had been arrested by my boss.



Diabolic illumination at dawn, the horse breeder's dine house, it had quashed Mr.W's dirge for Pop, on whom he had ever doted, and had forced Philbert to impart for his response, as they had been observing their visages, fully, fastidiously, by themselves. 'Even though the mirrors that I have ever been reflected during my life, have never flattered to be in false real.'

'It is only a few thick of matter, in fact, I am accomplished now, but you are pining away for your employee.'

Pop's slightly curled hair had been loosen on the floor and the strands had already been stiffened by the liquor. 'Because my boy is blind, he sometimes kept agape like this, and of course, his eyes are always like these, and I don't know if he is dead.'

"The blind can't do this." Your tribute to him, but on the other hand, there was no strange that the blind teenager stumbled to his end in the midnight pub during the blackout. No-no, Mr.W, these are no-no.' No-no, these had been defined as no-no, Philbert's incantation. Mr.W had bent himself onto the body of his boy, the trace of injure on his temple, having been neatly sawn up, and arranged.

'Oh, that is his old wound.' The chief inspector had snorted.

'But, the congealed blood is blooming under the skin.'

'I can't see it, I can't see, regardless such good weather for today.'

'I need your cuffs for me.'

'Yes, of course, as you gave me this.' Philbert had flicked the Walther in his holster with his fingers.

My boss, the former inspector enjoyed afternoon tea, and when his brain obtained the efficacy of vigorous adrenalin, he boasted about Mr.W.“The two medical bags were in the car boot.” I trifled with him. “You are lying, because I don’t know those.” I supposed that he was the honest person.’

‘Yes, certainly, sir.’

The upcoming evening hued outside, the drizzling humid summer, quiet hours, but there were knocks on the door. The visitor was unacquainted with me, except his equivalence to the ones on the newspapers, it had been around the time of the labor union riot, presumably, one of the bereaved family members came to us for their stories, and the guest was not in evil approach in his baneful lassitude, thus I staggered out to the next room. ‘Philbert, you should have had your boss, not only the enemies since the war...’ I heard the visitor, but noncommittal.

As this auxiliary space was my changing room, I saw the golden logo printed on the patterned tartan, which contained my toothbrush and shirts, in front of the wainscot recessed. Memory... another reality continued that Pop was my fellow, so was I. ‘Unfortunately, your friend was dead by the accident.’ Yes, utterly unfortunate, ‘Unfortunately’ that was the word always... l...e...t...you... a...n...d...me...do...w...n !?

**(The End Of The Story)**

**December 2014 in Los Angeles completed**

## *( Profile / Sachiko Tamaki )*

May 1975 - Born in Japan.

September 2011- Stay in Kent, England.

February-March 2013: During the online courses for the short stories, the first drafts for 'Heaven's Breath', 'Riddle of the Lake' completed.

November 2013: After the first draft 'Daisy', the research for 'Canopy Of Azure' began, the idea of the story gradually formed.

November 2013: 'Academic Essays' / Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

December 2013 - Stay in Bedfordshire, England, the research for '!' began, the idea of the story gradually formed.

February 2014 - Travel to Switzerland, and stay in Geneva and Zurich.

Spring 2014: 'The Short Stories' / Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

May 2014 - Travel to USA. The reference & the material note, the production note, for 'Canopy Of Azure' completed in Washington D.C and Maryland.



July 2014 - 'Canopy Of Azure', the plot outline completed in California, the first draft writing began.

August 2014 - Travel to Argentina, stay in Buenos Aires.  
The reference & bibliography note for '!' completed.

September 2014: 'Canopy Of Azure' / Sachiko Tamaki  
published online.

October 2014: The production & material note for '!' completed.

November 2014: The plot outline for '!' completed.

November 2014 - Travel to USA, and stay in Los Angeles.

December 2014: The first draft for '!' completed.

December 2014: '!'/ Sachiko Tamaki, published online.



Sachiko.T's room, Los Angeles in USA.  
(Earlier Winter 2014)

